

# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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# EVENING POST

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON,  
HENRY PETERSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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## MY SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY NORA PERRY.

What if I think of you once in a while,  
With a little blush and a little smile,  
With a little blush that comes and goes,  
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows?

What if I picture now with care,  
A tête-à-tête, and an easy chair?  
What if I make the picture clear,  
By lighting it up with a chandelier?

Can you see by the softly shimmering flame?  
Can you see to read the musical name  
Of him who sits in graceful state,  
On the little rosewood tête-à-tête?

Can you see me sitting before him there,  
Sitting within the easy chair?  
Can you hear the laugh, can you hear the  
jest—

The musical laugh of my handsome guest?

It is unwise to paint the view,  
In colors so warm, and light it too?  
Will somebody claim the graceful state,  
On the little rosewood tête-à-tête?

How many may lose by claiming that?  
For many a handsome guest has sat,  
Beneath the shimmering chandelier,  
While the easy chair was standing near.

How many may lose, how many may win?  
Ah, vanity is a costly sin!  
For the one I mean will never suppose  
That for him the wind of memory blows?

Then what if you think of you once in a while,  
With a little blush and a little smile?  
With a little blush that comes and goes,  
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows?

## COURTSHIPS AT CARNEDD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MARY HOWITT.

It is not my purpose to relate any romantic history of high-born, wealthy, or fashionable heroes and heroines, but a little narrative of simple village folk, such as you or I, dear reader, might encounter any day. The scene of our story is laid in a little village in the North of Wales.

Wild, bleak hills shut in a small valley opening out to the sea, and through this valley a mountain torrent dashes, dashing and leaping along its stony channel, spanned by a one-arched gray stone bridge, though, for convenience, when the water is sufficiently low, crossed in many places by rude stepping-stones chosen from amongst the huge boulders which form the bed of the river, and marks its course along the valley. Standing upon the hill tops, where the quiet black cattle graze, you look down upon the village as it lies below, in the form of the letter Y, dotted out in white houses upon a green ground. Very clean and pleasant it looks, with its small church-tower rising up against the opposite hill side, and its two large Methodist chapels, large enough for a moderately sized country town, standing out in bold relief, like sovereigns amid their subjects.

Descending into the narrow, straggling street, you discern the cottages to be poor, though clean, and rendered picturesque by their slated and thatched roofs being overgrown with grass and golden stone-crop. Each door is garnished with a stone-built pigsty, the inhabitants of which are seldom within its bounds, but more generally parading with a solemn grunt, the dusty, stony street outside.

This little village, or rather hamlet, boasts of no gentry. The clergymen reside a mile away, and the Methodist preachers belong pretty much to the village class, except such magnates from a distance, who on rare occasions visit their humbler brethren of Carnedd, or as properly pronounced, Carneth.

At the commencement of our narrative, Carnedd boasted of two shops, the sole external difference of which consisted in one being the post-office, and in the name above the door being Hugh Owen, whilst the other, not having the dignity of post-office, bore the name of Owen Hughes. Both shops professed to sell drapery goods and groceries; both supplied the village children with sweetmeats, and similar goods were served upon opposite counters. Behind Hugh Owen's counter stood a tall, rather awkward, silent, and if it might be so expressed, elderly young man, that is to say, a young man who appeared possessed of a gravity or experience beyond his years. Behind the counter of the rival shop, for rivals the shops were, stood a figure the very reverse of Hugh Owen's, as to height and sex, but with a something not dissimilar in the character of premature gravity and experience stamped upon her countenance. "Little Mary," the village called her, and little enough she was, appearing in statue quite child-like behind the high counter.

The family Bible declared her age to be twenty, whilst strangers, judging from her figure, or from the gravity of her expression and demeanor, varied in estimating it at any number between twelve and thirty. Behind the shop, through an open door, was seen the old-fashioned parlor-kitchen, its brown stone floor quaintly ornamented with a neatly whitened, flowery pattern, termed by Mary her carpet. Upon this elegant floor stood the cleanest of three-legged red tables, and a brightly rubbed old oak commode, whilst the walls were covered with wonderfully bright pots and pans, together with other kitchen

utensils, and various gaily colored pictures of Scriptural subjects framed and glazed. In a tall arm-chair upon the hearth, old Owen Hughes, the patriarchal shopkeeper, and Mary's much cherished grandfather might generally be found, reading a Welsh version of the Psalms, and clad in an old-fashioned homespun suit, gray stockings of Mary's knitting, and heavy wooden-soled shoes, with large brass clasps; his long, white hair falling on his shoulders, and his aged figure bowed over his book, which was held very near to his large, horn-rimmed spectacles. The Psalms were his constant reading—being very deaf, and not able to hear much of the village gossip, they, Mary, who was the apple of his eye, and a few fields, which he owned on the neighboring mountain, wholly occupied his thoughts.

A great contrast to this cheerful little apartment was the kitchen, dwelling and sleeping-room of their next door neighbor, Cordelia, or as she was familiarly called, Della Jones, and whose abode, in fact, separated the rival shops. Della's room, but meagrely supplied with domestic furniture, might easily have been supposed the harness-chamber of some thrifty groom, for its walls were hung with old horse-collars, straps, bridles, saddles and whips, whilst similar property, in better or worse condition, hung in dusty confusion from the ceiling. Della was noted throughout the country as an attendant of sales, and the purchaser of cheap bargains of saddletry, which, next to the object for which these purchases were made, was her great passion. The cottage, one storied, like all the surrounding ones, was rendered conspicuous by a projecting building, somewhat neater and newer than the cottage itself, which jutted out on one side of the door, according to the fashion of the village, though in this case it was not for the accommodation of a pig, but was the stable of Della's pony, Shwdyn, her pride and delight, and her main source of income into the bargain; for Della hired out her pony by the hour to summer tourists in that beautiful district; fetched luggage from the neighboring railway stations, or took it thither in a light cart, and was otherwise in demand throughout the neighborhood. Della was a tall and very handsome woman of about thirty, and might justly have been styled the queen of the village, her commanding bearing corresponding with her free-spoken and authoritative character.

She and Mary Hughes, whom she invariably styled "our little ones," were very good friends, though she was equally friendly with Hugh Owen. "He is a sharp fellow," she would say, "and much wiser than any of us; for he can keep his own counsel, and that's what few people can do!" Almost daily might Della be seen seated on the counter of one or other of the shops, making her small purchases and engaged in friendly chat. She said it was a matter of principle with her to divide her custom between the two. A half-penny worth of soap was bought at Mary's and an equal quantity at Hugh's.

"Put it into one paper," she would say to him, "the one is just as good as the other; they were bought from the same shop at Caernarvon, and both will go into the same wash-tub. They were made to be united—like you and little Mary! And now give me three-pence worth of tea; ten to one it's as good as hers, and her's is the best out of Caernarvon." And five minutes after, she would enter the other shop, her brown teapot in her hand,

"Here, little one, taste your neighbor's tea, don't swallow it down as though it were physic; for I can tell you he sells good tea, though he's a churchman and you a Methodist!" Della was a deep tactician. She resolved to effect a union between the two adverse parties, and not a day passed without her doing or saying something for this purpose. With Hugh Owen she always spoke as if he would marry Mary. He made no reply; never seemed to take the slightest notice of her words; but she said to herself, he heard them and that's enough. With Mary she pursued another mode. "If you're a good Methodist, Mary, you should know better than keep up a quarrel with a neighbor. I'd speak my mind to him, if I were you. Go to him straight off hand, and say, 'Here, Hugh—or neighbor, if you like it better—now I'll behave handsome. Turn over to me your cotton goods, and I'll turn over my groceries to you. Put up a new sign over your door, without draper, and I'll put up a new sign without grocer; and let us be good neighbors.' I should have the worse bargain, but then there would be an end of the quarrel; and a heart at peace is better than a full purse."

If Hugh Owen was reserved, and kept his feelings and his affairs to himself, Mary was not a whit behind him in these respects. Della flattered herself that she understood "the little one" thoroughly; and when she, one day, told Owen, with a desire to rouse his jealousy, that Mary did not care a rush for him, she feared that she spoke the honest truth; but she was quite mistaken. Little Mary would not have been so grave-looking, had there not been a secret sorrow at her heart, which she was glad enough to conceal under another guise. And yet after all the rival shop was a sore trial to her; but not on her own account so much as because it wounded the pride of her old grandfather, who, in her eyes, was one of the chief persons on earth. His shop was the old established shop of the village; and old and deaf, and infirm as he was, Mary very well knew, that though he often said, in the bitterness of his heart, that he would shut up his shop, since his neighbors were not content with his goods, but would run to the first new comer,

yet that to do so in reality would be his death-blow. The shop, therefore, remained open, and Della and the other villagers divided their customs between the two. Then came another grievance: a post-office was to be established at Carnedd, and of course, old Owen Hughes expected it to be at his shop; but scarcely was the thing talked of than it was done, and the post-office was at Hugh Owen's. All the custom would of course now go to his shop; and he added a handsome supply of stationary to his other goods. Well might the rival shop be a sore subject to the anxious, grave little

shop, and consequently withdrew her custom for three whole weeks.

And now it was winter; the morning of Christmas Eve. The snow which had fallen heavily during the former week had been thawing rapidly for the last two days. There were no tourists at this season to require Della's pony, which now, with one of his thrifty master's homespun blankets thrown over him, was kept warm in his somewhat windy stable.

Not much ready money therefore counted in Della, she was very economical, and this morning had not lighted her fire, as she was going to Mary's to help her prepare a suitable dinner for a preacher from Merionethshire, the Rev. Lloyd Griffiths, and the Rev. John Evans, the preacher and post master of Bethesda, who were both to officiate the following day at Carnedd.

"I'll help them to cook as good a dinner as I can," said Della, "though I'm no Methodist, not I; and maybe they'll have the pony to take them back to Bethesda, for he is sure-footed, the beast; and the river will be swollen to-morrow night after the thaw, so that they must go around by the bridge. Yes indeed, they'll be wanting the pony."

Old Hughes sat in his accustomed place, with his book lying open upon his knee, every now and then helping in the great cooking preparation, either to bring in fuel or stir the contents of a saucepan on the fire. All this time, however, he was unusually restless and uneasy, and had not the two women been so busy about their own affairs they would have noticed it and been concerned therewith. About three o'clock therefore in the afternoon, whilst they were still in the midst of their preparation, Hughes folded together his large spectacles, placed them within his book, and put it away on the chimney-shelf behind the brass candlesticks, and slowly crossing the room muttered to himself:

"Take one and a half from one hundred and thirteen—that will leave—let me see—a hundred and eleven and a half!"

"You are not going out this afternoon, grandfather?" said Mary anxiously, speaking into his ear, as the old man, having tied a red kerchief round his throat and put on his hat, began feeling about in a drawer of the commode where he kept his best gaiters, his Sunday spectacles, and a few nice apples for the children.

"Oh, Ay—I'll just go there and back," returned he, away from the point of her question.

"I'll call and ask how the miller's asthma is. Oh—ay—you don't want me to help, do you?" he pursued, as Della now took hold of his shoulder wishful to detain him.

"No, no," returned Della quickly, and shouting into his ear—"but you must not go out in weather like this!"

"But I must go," he returned doggedly, and pulling his hat firmly over his eyes and taking his thick oak stick, he started off.

"Ah!" sighed Little Mary, "there's no use trying to turn grandfather when he has got anything into his head."

They still pursued their hospitable preparations for the morrow, whilst old Hughes went quite in a different direction to that of the asthmatical miller. The mountain stream was swollen to a river by the thaw, but a lad helped him very obligingly across the stepping stones, and having reached the other side, he quickened his pace and began to ascend, by the help of his staff, the wet and dreary mountain side in the direction of his own enclosed fields, among the old, anciently-ploughed lands of the mountain-tops. He went, following the steep tracks, and carefully keeping his way until he reached the desired enclosure, in one of which were the ominous remains of a very ancient erection, probably a dwelling house, for the walls were thick, built of the loose stones of the mountains, but unlike most walls or sheepcotes, carefully secured with mortar, and of great thickness. A more solitary or melancholy scene than this gray ruin, in the midst of wintry desolation of bleak hill tops, could scarcely be imagined; but hither came the old man, and making his way directly to a bulging thickness in the wall, which had probably been the domestic oven, removed some loose stones of considerable size, but the arrangement of which he seemed perfectly to understand, and drew out thence a strong, coarse canvas bag, which contained money. Having deliberately counted this over, and ascertained that one hundred and thirteen sovereigns were safe, he took thence one sovereign and a half, which, having carefully placed in his waistcoat pocket, he returned the larger remainder to the bag, secured it with a strong string, and then dropped it into the large pocket of his under-coat, and buttoning over all his old homespun overcoat, returned to the descending sheep tracks, and in the gathering twilight hastened back towards the fort.

By the time he reached the river, however, night had gathered over the valley, and in the darkness he groped about anxiously for the stepping stones, but in vain, and no friendly and active guide was at hand. His staff sunk deep in the water as he felt about in the gurgling flood. He shouted again and again, but his feeble cry was lost in the thundering roar of the torrent, which, increasing in strength, now dashed and roared fiercely, churning and rolling about the huge stones which lay beneath their current. Deaf as was old Hughes, a portentous, sullen murmur reached even his dull ears. He also knew, from his long life in the valley, the dangerous nature of such a flood. He hastily strained his eyes to catch some straggling light through the darkness, which might cheer him with the knowledge of human aid being at all events

somewhere near on firm land. No light, however, met his view; only leafless trees were seen in grim blackness against the night sky, swayed about wildly in the wind, and the dark mass of mountains shutting in the valley. Della seized the old man as he now remembered that having missed his grand-daughter and Della Jones in the idea that he was gone to the miller's which was on the other side the water, they would have no uneasiness about him, nor would, therefore, be anxious if he were out for hours, in the idea that he merely remained with a friendly neighbor. Making a desperate effort, he groped about for the stepping stones, and paused with a sudden hope, discovering, as he supposed, the objects of his search. Hastily he placed his feeble feet upon the places of rock, and eagerly felt for the second halting place, and his feet the next moment slid from beneath him upon the wet stepping stone. He clutched wildly at the bank, at the rocks, at the brambles; he shouted in last despair, feeling himself borne away by the eddying current. He knew his danger, for few, carried down by wild, impetuous water, churning among rocks, bearing along with it stones of immense weight, and here and there hurled down rugged falls, could escape with life; and seldom a winter passed without some catastrophe of this kind occurring. At first the sudden consciousness of the mortal danger in which he was placed seemed to wake every faculty, and in a wild cry and a desperate struggle for life, his whole being seemed concentrated. Life, life, everything for life! and he thought of Mary, his friend, his money, and with an agony, and as it were, a fury of strength, he seemed to raise himself in the wild tumult of waters, and the next moment, dashed against a rock or crushed between stones, he knew not which, all his power was gone, and, feeble as a child, and feeling himself, as he was, ninety years old, helplessly borne out to a terrible death, a strange peace seemed to wrap his soul, as in down feathers: his memory, his home, his fields, nay, even Mary, no longer occupied his thoughts; he recalled, however, he seemed to live in the words, "The waters of the sea had well-nigh covered us, the proud waters had well-nigh gone over our soul." Then cried unto Thee, oh, Lord! and Thou didst deliver us out of our distresses. How long this terrible buffeting with death lasted, matters little, for poor old Hughes had no consciousness of time; it might have been only minutes, it might equally have been days and nights.

In the meantime, as the culinary affairs in the Hughes's kitchen came to an end, and the hearth was swept up for the evening, and the old man did not make his appearance, Mary and Della naturally supposing that he had stopped for a friendly gossip with the miller, not so uneasiness, till, the evening having closed in with every appearance of a wild, dark night following, Della proposed to go and bring him back, still supposing him at the door: "Take one and a half from one hundred and thirteen—that will leave—let me see—a hundred and eleven and a half!"

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Very grave and thoughtful, as one rescued from death, had old Hughes remained, and even something beyond that appeared to weigh upon him. The canvas bag containing the money which was found in his pocket to the astonishment of all, had been carefully locked up with his Sunday gaiters and the choice apparel in the commode, and when, after some days, Mary mentioned the circumstance, he seemed at first to have forgotten it, the taste, as it were, of death having for the time obliterated all lesser things; then recalling it, he spoke hastily, bidding the Rev. John Evans to be especially invited on a matter of life and death. Accordingly he came, and preached the New Year's sermon, and singularly enough Hugh Owen that day went to chapel. He a churchman! and walking back with the preacher, both came together to dinner, the Rev. John Evans having, in the first place, smoked a pipe with Hugh, and conceived a very favorable idea of his religious character and his taste.

The dinner over, old Hughes, whose bed had been set up in the kitchen, ordered his granddaughter to bring forth the remarkable bag.—This done, he related, at great length and with much detail, what I must simply tell as briefly as possible.

About sixty-five years before, he and another man then living in Carnedd, had been good friends. Brother never trusted brother more firmly than David Williams trusted him, Owen Hughes. Hughes, however, in an evil hour was tempted; and made use of money for his own purposes, which had been entrusted to him by his friend. His friend fell into difficulties; the money would have saved him; but Hughes could not then refund it. Williams would not prosecute his false friend, and beginning of him as an honest man, and as the only means of repairing a great injury, to repay him the money at some future time, left his native land, and emigrated to America. The money had never been repaid; Williams was dead, and all means of tracing his descendants were lost; and not only was it made up, but

every year the proper amount of interest was added to it, until this very year it amounted to one hundred and eleven pounds ten shillings. This was a great secret on Hugh's soul; he had kept the money in his hiding place in the mountains for fifteen years, and there its amount had grown year by year. This Christmas, however, with a sort of presentiment that he should not live long, he had resolved to consider the circumstance to his reverend friend, and for that purpose stashed the money down from the hills; deducting from the accumulated sum, thirty shillings which exceeded the required amount, and which in his calculation, he thought might be useful for postage and other expenses in finding out the descendants of the late David Williams, of New Carmel, New Hampshire, United States.

Such was his narration; and strange as it seemed, no less strange appeared the conduct of Hugh Owen, who was present at its relation. He wept; he was greatly agitated; and no sooner was it ended than he rose without a word, and left the house. Shortly after, however, he returned with a large old Welsh Bible in his hand, and opening it at the fly leaf before the New Testament, and slapping down his large hand upon it, he nodded, first to the old man in his bed, and then to the Rev. John Evans, without a word; and sat down again. Whereupon the Rev. John Evans read to the unspeakable astonishment of all, a family register of births, marriages, and deaths of two generations, beginning with David Williams, of Carmel, Caernarvonshire, son of William Davies, and ending with his death at New Carmel, Ohio, whither he had removed after only two years residence in New Hampshire, and by which it was evident that the new transatlantic Carmel must have been a very unhealthy place, for all were dead of two generations, saving Hugh Owen, the son of William's second daughter Jane; this same Hugh Owen, having, from some unaccountable yearning in his heart, returned to the old country of which he knew nothing, five years before; and with the product of the sale of New Carmel, opened the little shop in Old Carmel, and thus became the rival of Owen Hughes.

"It is a true proverb," exclaimed Della, who, of course, was now more frequently than ever at Little Mary's, and who was present at this strange discovery, "It is a true proverb, that marriages are made in heaven!"

Her exclamation must certainly have been very much to the point, for Mary and Hugh Owen immediately looked at each other, and strange to say, so did the Rev. John Evans and Della Jones; and as sure as what I am telling is the truth, these two couples were married in the spring; and the Methodist connection received two good, staunch new members.

Della is now mistress of a very good shop at Bethesda, setting her husband quite at liberty to attend to his ministerial duties, for she is all sufficient for any business, and no letters are so well and carefully stamped as those which leave Bethesda, except it be those of Carmel, which are entirely under the care of Little Mary, whose sole business now is that of post-mistress of Carmel, the good Hugh Owen taking upon himself all other concerns.

One other word, and I have done. Della's pony still lives, and long may he live! for he is especially the preacher's pony.—Della dedicated him to the service when she married John Evans; and now, whenever preaches within a circuit of fifteen miles round Bethesda, no longer walks. He is in beautiful condition; for the service seems to suit him.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

All the contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

### TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$2 a year advanced—received in the cities by Carriers—or 4 cents a number.

Persons reading in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may find it in the ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Book numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or at any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirer of sound advertising, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising column.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Recently declined—"Ship Ahoy!" "To Florence," "The Red Wine," "The Past and Future," "To A.," "Imogen," "The Soldier's Music," "Nemesis," "Love's Labor Won."

C. B. Washington. Received.—We know of no book or paper that contains the poem—unless it is in Mr. Davis's recent compilation.

A CONSTANT READER. The Androids were confessedly triumphs of mechanical ingenuity. We think their inventor never made a higher claim for them. We do not know where a good account of them may be found, the work in which we once read of them being now out of print.

The "Daily Press," of this city, in speaking of, or rather to, a contemporary, says:—

Remove all these articles, and still there is a great deal—we might say, if it were grammatical, a very great deal—of good, honest, original matter in your paper.

Why is it not grammatical to say "a very great deal," "Mr. 'Press,'" "Deal," in this connection, means simply part or portion, and why not say a very great portion, as well as a great portion?

**TO CHANCE READERS.**  
For the information of chance reader, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are:

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., *Mary Howitt*,  
*Author of "Richelieu," Grace Greenwood,*  
*Old Dominion, &c.* *Florence Percy,*  
T. S. Arthur,  
Emma Alice Brown,  
*Author of "Letters from Paris," &c.*

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MULOCK, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, THE AUTHOR OF "A Trap to Catch a Salmon," THE AUTHOR OF "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c., giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, who write expressly for our columns, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novellet the sum of

\$1,000.00

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

THREE STORIES BY MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELLET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A SERIES, By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A SERIES. By —

POEMS FROM FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS FROM EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

### A FOOLISH PRACTICE.

The "Boston Transcript" gives a word of advice to certain persons who have acquired a habit of scribbling their sage opinions of authors and sentiments, upon the title-pages and margins of books belonging to their friends or to public libraries. As this practice is not confined, by any manner of means, to Boston, a word of advice to the same scribbling fraternity in this city, may not be wasted. We may say, therefore, that to scribble your opinion of an author or a passage in any book save one belonging to you, is a piece of gross impertinence. No man or company of men regard such scribblings with the least degree of admiration or favor. And as no sensible person is ever caught at such tricks in other people's volumes, those who are guilty of them generally succeed in nothing further than writing themselves into all, and almost indispensables to country readers.

THE "Boston Transcript" gives a word of advice to certain persons who have acquired a habit of scribbling their sage opinions of authors and sentiments, upon the title-pages and margins of books belonging to their friends or to public libraries. As this practice is not confined, by any manner of means, to Boston, a word of advice to the same scribbling fraternity in this city, may not be wasted. We may say, therefore, that to scribble your opinion of an author or a passage in any book save one belonging to you, is a piece of gross impertinence. No man or company of men regard such scribblings with the least degree of admiration or favor. And as no sensible person is ever caught at such tricks in other people's volumes, those who are guilty of them generally succeed in nothing further than writing themselves into all, and almost indispensables to country readers.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.—It appears that the Society for the erection of this monument was organized in 1838—that the Corner Stone was laid in 1848—and that after seven years, by 1855, 170 feet were erected, at a cost of about \$200,000. How much higher it has grown in the three years since, we know not—but we believe very little. According to the plan, the shaft is to be 517 feet high, which will cost some \$322,000 more. The pantheon, at the base, is estimated to cost about \$150,000 in addition—making \$500,000 which is required to complete the monument according to the original design.

It would appear therefore that, in twenty-five years, one-third of the money has been raised, and almost one-third of the monument erected. At the same rate of progression, it would take fifty to seventy-five years more to complete it. But the original stock of "patriotism" having been exhausted, nothing at all is now doing in the "patriotic" line, in that direction. And, as a consequence, the probability is that the monument will never be finished, and that, some five hundred years hence, it will be looked upon by learned antiquarians, as even a finer relic of the ancient vise of the Norsemen to this country, than the old stone mill at Newport.

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## LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM ONE EXTREME TO THE OTHER—THE FLAG AT THE TUILERIES—SKILL OF FRENCH GARDENERS—A VISIT TO MRS. BURTON'S—AN IMPERIAL REBELLION—AN INCIDENT OF PRIVATE LIFE IN RUSSIA—A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

Paris, December 9, 1858.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*  
"It never rains but it pours," says a Saxon proverb, which has its equivalent in all tongues and in all experience: and the rivers of Europe are affording a striking exemplification of its truth. After the long drought of last summer, the windows of heaven seem to be pouring down the accumulated waters that have been so long held back; and nearly every country is menaced with inundations of the most serious character, the most formidable freshets occurring just now in the rivers of Spain, and laying vast tracts under water on both sides of the principal streams. In France, the temper of whose rivers is almost as susceptible and excitable as that of its people, great uneasiness is felt at the ominous rising of the waters; men's minds being filled with anxious reminiscences of the past.

For the last few days the Imperial flag has been floating from the roof of the Tuilleries; the Emperor and Empress having returned to Paris on Saturday last, entering the city amidst a great concourse of people, who lined the Boulevards, and cheered the gay *cortège* as it drove past, and a great display of soldiers lining the streets from the railway station to the doors of the palace. Next morning, the Emperor, who is a very early riser, visited the gardens, to judge of their effect as now transmogrified. The portion next the palace is, in fact, quite a new affair, not an inch of its surface being left as it was before. Yet so skillfully have all the appliances of modern gardening been brought into play in these changes, that the sheets of turf grass, the beds of flowers, and clumps of shrubbery and trees, really look as though they had been there for twenty years past.—French skill and ingenuity in all matters of arrangement and adornment, are indeed most exquisite; no other people are to be compared with them in this pleasant department of the world's labors.

The new bridge over the Seine, necessitated by the changes in the palæ-gardens, and called for also by the growing wants of the city, is coming on rapidly; the great buttresses of white freestone now standing, throwing their long shadows upon the water, and promising soon to be ready for the completion of the new thoroughfare. In their own shambling, lazy-looking way of working, French *ouvriers* certainly contrive to push on their tasks with very creditable promptitude.

Speaking of taste—a quality in which this lively people is so pre-eminently gifted—reminds me that there is here one Englishwoman, at any rate, who, in point of taste, is fully equal to any of her French rivals in this luxurious capital, viz.: Mrs. Burton, so well known to many of your fair countrywomen, as a dealer in lace, embroidery, and all the elegancies of the aristocratic toilet, of which the daughters of Republican America are confessedly more ardent votaries than their sisters of the Old World. The richest things being prepared just now by Mrs. Burton are, in fact, for some of your fair townswomen, for whose adornment and that of their children, several immense cases are being packed with the most expensive luxuries in the way of bonnets, dresses, mantles, collars and sleeves, and underclothing as rich as the objects destined to be envied by the "dear five hundred" whom they are meant to dazzle. What will the more "homely" of your readers think of *trousseaux* including dozens of chemises which are mere tissues of gossamer, just substantial enough to take the quantities of exquisite embroidery and lace which are lavished upon them? In one of these wonderful cases is an outfit for a mite of a girl of two years old; the style and price of the little frocks—mere lace and embroidery—may be inferred from the price of the underclothing, among which figure tiny chemises, embroidered wherever embroidery can be stuck, bordered with the costliest lace, insertions of the same being ingeniously introduced among the embroideries to the tune of twenty dollars each, accompanied by microscopic drawers, to match these little fairy-like chemises, and at a similar price; being all that taste and ingenuity could possibly invent in this particular line. Of the tiny flannel petticoats, stiff with silk embroidery, the cloaks and other items of this outfit—all so small that you can't look at them without laughing, and whose making-up has been a source of great amusement to the young workmen of the establishment, who say "it's like making doll's clothes," and seem to regard the fabrication of "such lovely, tiny little things," something in the light of a frolic—who shall speak? The outfit in question is less complete and extensive than that which was prepared for the advent of the little Prince Imperial, but the items of which it is composed are just as rich and elaborate as those prepared to be "kicked through" by the heir-apparent of the French Empire, and some of the articles are even more tasteful than those which were got ready for the little Prince—fact not surprising, since Mrs. Burton is known to be possessed of a taste and judgment which render her a perfect authority in all matters of the toilette. It was she who supplied Queen Victoria with all the lace purchased by her Majesty for the wedding of the Princess Royal; and such was the perfection of the lace shawls, veils, collars and sleeves, &c.,—mostly of her own design—which Mrs. Burton took to Windsor for the royal inspection and choice, that the Queen told her they were the most beautiful she had ever seen.

But it is impossible to visit Mrs. Burton's rooms, and inspect the marvels of elegance she is perpetually inventing for her customers, without being pretty equally "divided" between admiration of the artistic grace and beauty thus imparted to the various articles of the feminine and infantine toilet, and regret that such exquisite talents and inspiration should be bestowed on a department of life, which, however important in its own way, and legitimately entitled to a reasonable amount of beautification, is surely not worthy to absorb such a vast total of thought, labor, and ex-

pense, to say nothing of the habits of personal inactivity, the sacrifice of usefulness to show, the fettering of the energies which might have been expended on social and personal improvement, and the proportionate diminution of the power of aiding their less fortunate fellow-beings, which almost necessarily follow the adoption of the delicate and elaborate style of clothing so dear to the hearts of modern women. Who shall say how much of the wide-spread corruption, the diseases, the sorrows of our day, of the extreme and morbid development of the nervous system at the expense of the rest of the organization, which constitutes so menacing a symptom in the general status of the present generation of women, and which must tell most unfavorably on the health of coming generations of both sexes, may not be referable to the undue luxury of the toilet which is so apt to fill the minds of the very women whose intelligence and position should make them the leaders in every good and noble work, too often absorbing their time, money, and thoughts, and inducing habits of vanity, unworthy rivalry and frivolity. To be beautiful is undoubtedly as especially the duty and glory of womanhood as of flowers; but does not the most gorgeous flower fail to satisfy our sense of the Beautiful if it yield no perfume and produce no fruit? And should not the action of the mothers, the sisters, and daughters of our race tend especially to the beautifying (in the highest sense of that word) of every sphere and relation of life, thus raising the actors, objects, and interests, of the great drama of human existence ever nearer to that ideal standard of Beauty which we instinctively believe to be one with Goodness at the Divine Centre of the universe, of which we know so little, and are not likely to know much more if we are to weaken our bodies by converting them into mere animated frames for the display of silks and embroideries, and narrow our minds by devoting them to the service, conservation, and display of luxurious clothing?

But I fear my pen is following in the wake of the "preachers in the desert;" and so break off "a yarn" of regretful suggestion that will, probably, be little heeded by your lady-readers, by recalling the rebuke just bestowed by the Empress Maria, of Russia, on the vanity of one of her recent guests.

It seems that the Empress was recently invited, with his wife, by the Emperor, to spend a few days at Court. The wife, brimming with pride at the unlooked-for honor, and dying to make an appearance above her rank, actually pledged her husband's salary for three years ahead, in order to supply herself with an outfit for this visit. Thanks to this desperate expedient, the silly woman was able to appear in three new dresses per day, during her stay at Court. The story of her folly, however, leaked out among the wealthier courtiers, and reached the ears of the Empress, who determined to give her a lesson therupon. Accordingly, just before the vain-glory creature took her leave, the Empress remarked to her, "How very unfortunate you seem to be, madame, in the choice of your dressmaker; for I take it for granted that none of your gowns are to your mind, or you would not be obliged to change them so often!"

A curious story, illustrative of life in Russia, has just now by Mrs. Burton are, in fact, for some of your fair townswomen, for whose adornment and that of their children, several immense cases are being packed with the most expensive luxuries in the way of bonnets, dresses, mantles, collars and sleeves, and underclothing as rich as the objects destined to be envied by the "dear five hundred" whom they are meant to dazzle. What will the more "homely" of your readers think of *trousseaux* including dozens of chemises which are mere tissues of gossamer, just substantial enough to take the quantities of exquisite embroidery and lace which are lavished upon them? In one of these wonderful cases is an outfit for a mite of a girl of two years old; the style and price of the little frocks—mere lace and embroidery—may be inferred from the price of the underclothing, among which figure tiny chemises, embroidered wherever embroidery can be stuck, bordered with the costliest lace, insertions of the same being ingeniously introduced among the embroideries to the tune of twenty dollars each, accompanied by microscopic drawers, to match these little fairy-like chemises, and at a similar price; being all that taste and ingenuity could possibly invent in this particular line. Of the tiny flannel petticoats, stiff with silk embroidery, the cloaks and other items of this outfit—all so small that you can't look at them without laughing, and whose making-up has been a source of great amusement to the young workmen of the establishment, who say "it's like making doll's clothes," and seem to regard the fabrication of "such lovely, tiny little things," something in the light of a frolic—who shall speak? The outfit in question is less complete and extensive than that which was prepared for the advent of the little Prince Imperial, but the items of which it is composed are just as rich and elaborate as those prepared to be "kicked through" by the heir-apparent of the French Empire, and some of the articles are even more tasteful than those which were got ready for the little Prince—fact not surprising, since Mrs. Burton is known to be possessed of a taste and judgment which render her a perfect authority in all matters of the toilette. It was she who supplied Queen Victoria with all the lace purchased by her Majesty for the wedding of the Princess Royal; and such was the perfection of the lace shawls, veils, collars and sleeves, &c.,—mostly of her own design—which Mrs. Burton took to Windsor for the royal inspection and choice, that the Queen told her they were the most beautiful she had ever seen.

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worth 16 cents); a horse or mare 1½; a pig, sucking pig, or goat, indistinct; and a note says that animals destined for the market are exempt from the tax. The second division, "on foreign woven fabrics," gives "a table-cover" 1½ den.; a light-colored tunic 1½; a bed-covering 1½; a purple sash 1, and adds, "other African stuffs pay per piece." The next division is for skins, but the duties are reduced: we only distinguish the words, "skin completely prepared," "skin unprepared," "horse or goat skin," corduroy per lb.; vopla per quintal; gins per 10 lbs.; sponges per 10 lbs." Then comes a division concerning pasture animals, and beasts of burden, which are declared to be exempt from duties; amphora of wine, dates, figs, nuts per bushel, turpentine per lamp, &c., &c. The colony of Zarai was between 130 and 130, A. D., the garrison of a cohort; and it is probable that, up to the year 202, the cohort charged to defend this part of the imperial frontier, was exempted from custom's duties. The colony was on one of the most frequented roads leading from the Desert to the Cessarian Mauritania. Among the objects mentioned in the tariff are many which are still made in the oases of the southern part of the Regency of Tunis. Thus the "light colored tunics" are evidently the *haïks* which wealthy Arabs wear at present, and which European ladies have been lately wearing as *shawls*; the "saga" are the *gandouras* which now form the insignia of command in Tunis; and the "bed-coverings" are probably the gaily-colored blankets still used in those parts. The "wines" were fermented liquors procured from the palms and dates, and are still manufactured. It has been hitherto supposed that the custom's duties of the Roman Empire were uniformly one-fourth part of the value of the goods; but the tablet just found shows that those duties were not always the same. To read of these details of taxation, and of "turpentine for lamps," brings those old times curiously near to our own experience, and reminds one of the remark made so long ago by King Solomon, and confirmed afresh by the experience of each generation since his day; for despite our restless inventions and improvements, is there really any "new thing under the sun?"

QUANTUM.

ADULTERATION OF EGGS.—The public has lately heard much about the adulteration of various kinds of food, and yet it is not aware that a large proportion of the eggs that are now being eaten in London are what is called by the confectioners "pickled eggs." This "pickling" is done during summer, while eggs are at a low price, by mixing lime and water in casks and filling the casks with eggs, permitting them to lie four or six months in this hot lime mixture, thus destroying all the natural flavor and nutritive power of the eggs, rendering them insipid to the taste and impregnated with a strong decoction of lime, which is injurious to the stomach. Pickled eggs look very white and clean resembling new laid eggs, and are sold in winter, when good fresh eggs are scarce and dear. They may be known by the following signs:—The feel of the shell is rough, from a sometimes part of the lime not having been quite washed off, they feel cold and damp, as the life of the egg is destroyed and partly wasted outside, whereas a good egg is always dry to the touch, life existing in it. Through lime-gas in pickled eggs they often burst when put into boiling water, and will always be found partly empty, or with a few drops of lime-water in them, when cooked.—*English Paper.*

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an angus five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the anger is removed, and, upon the extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this newly-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor drouths.

But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft, oily earth, made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation.

At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor drouths.

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At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor drouths.

At the depth of eighteen feet are found the

ruins of an ancient city.

The royal patient was perfectly sane all day, received his guests, chatted, laughed, and was quite jolly; the dinner was announced, the company marched in, the King of course, took his place at the head of the table, and everybody waited for him to set the example to put their spoons in their mouths. But instead of doing what was expected of him, His Majesty, deliberately washed his face in the soup, and then sat complacently smiling on his friends, the long strings of vermicelli hanging down over his eyes and nose, and in his hair and moustache. You may imagine the effect; no one dared to laugh, however, and they had to sit out the dinner with this ridiculous figure-head, covered with gravy (for he sternly refused towels,) talking to them all the while."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPEDIMENT.—The height of impediment was recently illustrated in New York, in the U. S. Circuit Court.

A man named McAdam, was tried on a charge of larceny,

of breaking and entering,

and assault and battery.

He was found guilty, and sentenced to

imprisonment for two years.

The defense was that he was

not guilty, and that he was

## LAURA.

Fair moon! that witnessed my delight,  
As—Laura's little hand in mine—  
We walked, the cloudless summer night,  
Beneath the purple-cladured vine,  
Saw, hast' e'er flushed a fairer face  
With the mild splendor of thy wing,  
Or known a form of gentler grace  
Than hers of whom I fondly sing?

Ye stars! that in her happy eyes,  
Looked down and saw yourselves more bright,  
Speak! have you ever from the skies  
Beheld a being so light?  
Was she more lovely, when, new born,  
The fairest thing in Paradise,  
The world's first lover woke at morn,  
She flashed on his astonished eyes?

To trees, whose branches o'er my head,  
Waved pendulous that blessed eve,  
And heard the loving voice she said,  
Do love-birds sweetest strains e'er weave?  
Or do the tales the soft winds bring,  
Which make thy whispering leaves rejoice?  
Or silvery streamlets murmuring,  
In melody surpass her voice?

Oh, ma' that kissed our feet that night,  
Did heavenly Venus fairer roam,  
When like the Iris clothed in light,  
She leaped to life, amid thy foam?  
Or when thy waves bore from the land  
Egypt's dark Queen—had she more charms?

Or Hera, when upon the strand  
She clasped Leander in her arms?

Winds! that bore from the garden's bloom,  
Like spirit of the loved in death,  
The soul of flowers—a sweet perfume—  
Say, was it sweeter than her breath?  
And when you kissed her blushing cheek,  
And nestled in her sunburnt hair,  
And sinuous, stirred her bosom meek,  
Did ye not seek a warm death there?

They all are silent—moon and stars,  
And trace, and ever-rolling sea,  
And winds that yoked to fairy cars,  
Bear endless freight of mystery—  
They speak not; yet, oh, loving heart!  
What heeds it what the answer be;  
Though the whole world deny each part,  
Is she not more than all to these?

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

The Hothams were left orphans—the brother at twenty-two, the sister at twenty-one years of age—but their dissolution was by no means extreme; it was tempered to them, as the Rev. Appley Swete observed, by a considerable sum of money in the Three per Cent. Besides, the girl found in Cecil Hotham at once a parent and a brother; more devoted to her happiness than a lover; for his devotion exceeded that of a wooing time, it lasted for life.

Even if one had not been related to her, it would have been quite possible to have become exceedingly fond of Nina Hotham; as Mr. Swete, the curate of Brentfield, where she lived, proved. Swete was not a strong-minded young person, but he was very honest and well meaning, and the living would be his own as soon as the then rector (who was eighty-two) should be removed from what was denominational, more technically than literally, his present sphere of usefulness. The old gentleman had in fact been put in at seventy-four by Mr. Swete's father, the patron, as a warming-pan for his son, and he had already taken five years longer to keep the place warm than was expected of him. Still, it was plain that he could not persist in such annoying conduct much longer, and Mr. Appley Swete's expectations were—since the living was a good one—proportionally excellent. Nina liked him well enough, not passionately, and her brother Cecil, seeing that, was, in consequence, his warm friend and supporter; for, if her opinion of the young divine had been unfavorable, he would have been his determined and uncompromising foe.

It is probable that Nina—she was fair, tall, and blue-eyed, with a carriage like that of a princess, and will of her own to match—would have become Mrs. Swete, and lived and died the wife of a country rector, had it not been for a circumstance no less trifling than that of an acting charade.

It was winter; and, at the hall where the old squire, who was king at Brentfield, lived, a large party had assembled, among whom were the Hothams. Private theatricals were a novelty in that part of the country, and such acting even as the guests attempted—which partook more of the nature of tableaux vivants than anything else—aroused immense enthusiasm in the locality, and attracted more spectators than the double drawing-room could easily hold. Nina Hotham, magnificently attired, and imitating the silence as well as the attitude of some sublime statue, made a profound impression. Accustomed from her youth to a country life, and knowing nothing of the world in these volumes of the rural, uncalled-of-the-imagination, the poor girl became intoxicated with this partial and unresonable applause. In it, her fancy caught the herald notes of a burst of triumphant acclaim, which was to sweep perhaps, one day, through the length and breadth of England, of Europe, of the world. The calling of the actress, she had often thought, was a something little less than divine, and now she had the exquisite pleasure of persuading herself, and of being persuaded, that that high privilege was her own by natural right. Vain, indulged, and accustomed to no other influence than that of her own impulses, this young gentlewoman—brought up in affluence, and imbued with the usual social prejudices—nevertheless found herself stage-struck.

The Reverend Appley Swete had not hailed very eagerly the appearance of his intended as Rowena, the Saxon Princess, in a charade; but when he discovered that, in consequence of the success of that Mystery, it had been determined that the last scene of the play of Othello was to be represented, the part of Desdemona by Miss Nina Hotham, the young curate looked almost as black as the Moor himself.

"I do trust, Nina," he urged, with suppressed feeling, "that you will think again of this."

"I mean to do so," replied the girl, who was annoyed that the only eyes which had not

beamed admiration, the only hands which had not spoken approval, on the evening of her recent triumph, were those of Mr. Appley Swete; "the part requires considerable thought, sir."

"Nina," he said, earnestly, "do not answer me thus. You and I, as I hope and trust with all my heart, are, at no very distant period, to be one, as man and wife. Our interests, our sympathies, our actions, are to be similar and united. If I suffered you to take this highly imprudent and unbecoming step (I cannot apply a term less strong to your acting in such a scene with such a man as Colonel Chowder) without reproach, you might, in after life, reasonably reproach me for an unwise harshness; since, as your husband, I should not surely be blamed."

"Silence, sir," interrupted the embryo tragedienne, imperiously, "you are going too fast. I thank you for the warning you have given me of what I am to expect as your wife. You have not a good temper. This bloody passion—that's what I have to say to the Colonel—shakes your very frame. These are portents. Have mercy upon me. Kill me tomorrow, let me live to-day." Most reverend signor, you are very terrible!"

"If you do act that scene," cried the curate solemnly, and certainly in a rage, "you and I, Miss Hotham, never speak of love again."

That five minutes of irritating conversation probably altered the whole tenor of a couple of human lives. The lady persevered in her determination to play Desdemona, and the young clergyman, upon his part, kept his word.

If the charade was a Success, the play was a tremendous Hit indeed. The gallant colonel handled the soft cushion as if he had, all his life, done nothing else but smother people with that implement; and, as for Desdemona, she, according to universal testimony, was well nigh faultless; her skin looked whiter than snow, and smoother than the monumental alabaster; while her tones—except upon one occasion when she got the tassel of the cushion into her mouth—were Desdemona's own.

When she desired to be commanded to her kind lord, and died forgiving him so sweetly, with an "Oh, farewell," upon her closing lips, there was not one dry eye in the double drawing room.

This second triumph put an end to what few prudent reflections yet remained to Nina with regard to her becoming an actress. Her admiring brother protested, from the bottom of his heart, that she was the most perfect Desdemona that ever played, and that she would make her fortune in a fortnight, if she were only to go upon the stage.

"I am glad to hear you say so much, my dearest Cecil," was the girl's delighted answer. "I feel the power within me. It has been slumbering long indeed; but now is all the stronger for its rest. I have made up my mind, brother, to become an actress—to immortalize myself—aye," she added, in her deepest notes, but not until after a little pause, "and you, also, Cecil."

Cecil Hotham shuddered. He had the most unbounded faith in his sister's powers; but all his instincts rallied round his preconceived opinions of the stage, in arms against this scheme. He knew his sister well enough to feel that it was something more than an idea of the moment engendered by excitement and success; and he knew himself too well not to doubt his own ability to persuade her to abandon the resolve.

"Remember, Nina, whom you shipwreck by this course," he urged, "poor Swete now dreams that you are his—"

"Not now," she cried, "we are not to speak of love again. He has told me that I shall not act on the stage. Shall not? I am glad to think that I have escaped the man—But he shall hear of me, as all the world shall hear; and you, my Cecil, brother—now that all familiar faces will be set against me—you alone look to now for help."

They two had many more conversations of this nature. There was endless talk and oceans of advice, and almost universal censure poured upon them from all sides, as well. But the end was, that Nina had her way.

Their comfortable Brentfield home was let; and, since it was of course absolutely necessary that a tragic star of such a magnitude should make its first appearance in the metropolitan firmament, the Hothams removed to London.

Nina went through a course of training in elocution and deportment, with a patience hardly to have been expected of her; and, in six months' time, was pronounced by her theatrical Coach (a gentleman at the very top of his profession) as perfect as art could make her—which indeed was true.

While she continued to occupy herself in the study of various characters—each of which, however, was the most ambitious in its particular piece—Cecil set every wheel within his reach in motion, to provide her with a suitable engagement. With money and friends in plenty, her position was of course a far more favorable one than that of many a more gifted debutante. Still she did not find the thing she sought—More than one manager of this and that great house had interviews with the young lady at her private residence, without the expected offer of the position of first tragedienne being made. They saw her, and were charmed. Her face, her figure, her carriage, her action even, delighted them; but the words themselves were often wanting, and the sense of them had been lost out of the power of the theatrical Coach (who, perhaps, did not know it himself) to convey.

Nina grew sad and heartick at the lack of generous enthusiasm in these personages; whom she had pictured to herself all eager to secure her for their own. Cecil was indignant beyond measure at their ignorance and want of taste.

"These persons who have the leading theatre," said he, kissing away her tears, "are given up to particular styles; to mechanical and stereotyped characters; to women more like lay figures than actresses. They know absolutely nothing of genius. They do not understand the language of Nature, even when they hear it spoken by one so noble as yourself. It is the people only who have the power to put you upon your rightful throne."

You shall appear at some minor house under an assumed name; and afterwards, when your success is proclaimed by the public voice, these mischievous men will be ready enough to open their doors to my own Nina."

Accordingly, it was not long before a lesser monarch of the stage paid a business visit to the disengaged young lady; approved her speech as well as her action, her delineation of passion, and her majestic method of crossing the room. Finally, in offering her the leading part at his theatre, during the ensuing month, he promised to respect the secret of her name until an enthusiastic public would be denied the revelation no longer.

"And now that you have made your business arrangements with my future proprietor," said Nina, with laughing eyes and radiant countenance, as her brother returned from an interview with their visitor, "do pray, dear brother, tell me how much I may be worth per week."

"Well, love," replied Cecil, with hesitation, "considering that you are entirely unknown, and quite inexperienced; that you have not the great theatrical lineage which some possess to give an interest to your debut; that (I am only quoting the manager's words, you know,) you have no decidedly original readings of any well-known—"

"Am I worth nothing?" interrupted the girl, passionately. "What does all this tend to? Was the man lying to my face ten minutes ago?"

"No, Nina, no," stammered her brother, "but the offer seemed so small, so insignificant, that I scarcely liked to come to it. Fifteen pounds a week. It would be positively distressing were it not so ridiculous; but Siddehous, O'Neill, and Nina Hotham must begin, you see, even upon a trifle."

She tossed her head and pouted a little at this intelligence; but presently left the room to pursue her studies, in her natural high spirits. Cecil stood looking at the door through which she had departed, with loving but melancholy eyes. He had schooled the manager in the part he was to play with Nina before he saw her, and his subsequent business arrangements with that gentleman had been different, indeed, from that which he had represented them.

"I think I was right," he mused; "I trust I was right. To have told her the miserable truth—that I have had to pay fifteen pounds a week for the privilege of her being permitted to act—would have gone well nigh to kill her. After next month, too, all those things will be changed. Such beauty, such grace, such genius, cannot remain long unappreciated by any who have eyes and ears."

At the little transpontine theatre the effect of this pecuniary-dramatic arrangement was tremendous. The first tragic lady, who had to become the second tragic lady at once, enacted a little extemporaneous tragedy upon her own account by going into hysterics. The second and third tragic ladies were each proportionately indignant at being unmercifully thrust down a peg a piece in the dramatic scale. The sentiments of the whole corps of female aristocrats can be only paralleled by those of the military, when the highest step is not allowed, for some unexplained reason, to go in the regiment. The male actors protested in soothsaying that they would soon act to the interloper; or, if they were obliged to do so, that they would act exceedingly ill.

Accordingly—for to this universal jealousy of his sister's position, poor Cecil always ascribed the catastrophe—when the nameless tragedienne made her First Appearance at the transpontine theatre, no failure had ever been so complete, on either side of the Thames. There was pretty general applause when she made her first majestic appearance; but, from the moment when she began to speak, until she closed her eyes in mimic death, the Noes had it.

The second night was not so completely unfortunate as the first; only because there were not so many people in the house to express disapprobation. On the third night the posed first tragic lady of the theatre resumed her sway.

It would be painful to narrate in detail, how, at this and that inferior theatre, Nina Hotham attempted again and again to assert her fancied pre-eminence, and always in vain; how hundreds of pounds were spent on this costly whim of hers, although her brother never had the heart to tell her the truth; and how he himself never lost his loving faith in her; but believed that the world would welcome her, one day, yet. Peevish and fretful at the slightest cross, as she had ever been, she now began to pine under this great reverse. Her vanity, as far from being crushed by these repeated disappointments, grew ranker and wilder than ever, stretching out its too luxuriant tendrils on all sides, and finding nothing to support them, anywhere. It really seemed as if the glamor of the footlights and the breath of popular applause were as light and air to her, and that, being so well denied, she must perish.

Cecil Hotham, knowing so much better than she did, in what light estimation her talents had been held, was yet so blinded with admiration for her as to determine to risk his all in one more grand attempt to get her a public hearing. One of the two great London theatres was advertising to be let, for a certain time, this good young man—sensible enough in ordinary circumstances wherein his sister was not concerned, but about as fitted for the part of manager of such an establishment as the Vicar of Wakefield—resolved to undertake the management of it. Matters were the more difficult and unfavorable for him, inasmuch as all things were made subservient to the interests of Nina. The stars who chanced just then to be not fixed, were excluded from his company lest they should dim his sister's brightness; but the minor constellations exacted from him the pay of their superiors.

They were not going to do second business with that high privilege was her own by natural right. Vain, indulged, and accustomed to no other influence than that of her own impulses, this young gentlewoman—brought up in affluence, and imbued with the usual social prejudices—nevertheless found herself stage-struck.

The Reverend Appley Swete had not hailed very eagerly the appearance of his intended as Rowena, the Saxon Princess, in a charade; but when he discovered that, in consequence of the success of that Mystery, it had been determined that the last scene of the play of Othello was to be represented, the part of Desdemona by Miss Nina Hotham, the young curate looked almost as black as the Moor himself.

"I do trust, Nina," he urged, with suppressed feeling, "that you will think again of this."

"I mean to do so," replied the girl, who was annoyed that the only eyes which had not

money for every recruit in his enormous corps dramatique.

However, the plan of the campaign was in the end arranged, and the object of all his preparations at last placed in a position to wear the crown of triumph she had so long desired.

Nina Hotham's name in letters of all the colors in the rainbow, and bigger than the poor girl herself, wearied the metropolitan eyes whenever it fell. The newspapers proclaimed to the whole country, including the little world round Brentfield, how the ambitious debutante had chosen one of the first characters in the range of British drama in which to make her appearance upon the first stage in Europe, on that day fortnight. Nina Hotham had selected no less a part for herself than that of Lady Macbeth.

The hour to which brother and sister had looked forward with a secret suspense that was almost agony, at length arrived. The vast theatre was densely crowded from floor to ceiling. Puffing had done its work. Vague rumors also of failure at other places, and under a feigned name, had got about, and excited curiosity to the utmost. A great number of her private friends, too, were there; besides at least five hundred hands, which, if they did not applaud, ought to be ashamed of themselves, since they had been admitted by orders, and upon that very condition.

In the third tier, far back in the darkness of a private box, sat the Reverend Appley Swete, now rector of Brentfield; who, for all his hasty words and rigid resolves, had an interest in the fate of the heroine of the night only second to that felt by one other. The ocean of murmurous talk in that vast concourse ebbed and flowed about him, bringing her beloved name upon it almost every wave. He had behaved violently to her, he now thought, and too rigidly. Perhaps her haughty spirit had been even driven into its present course by his harsh words. He it was, not she, who was to blame. He had need to offer her reparation as well as forgiveness.

All sounds suddenly died away as the curtain rose upon the new health scenery that had been painted, regardless of expense, for the present occasion. The witches prophesied; the Thane did everything that was expected of them; but Mr. Swete had neither eyes nor ears for them.

A room within Macbeth's castle at Inverness. A pause, wherein you might have heard a pin drop, and then a roar of applause which shook the house. Nina Hotham was in the centre of the stage, magnificent, majestic; the object upon which the eyes of thousands were concentrated. The letter from Macbeth was in her hand, from which she ought to have already spoken the first sentence. Another roar of applause. Still Nina spoke not one single syllable, nor was she fated to speak; her faculties were numbed; her tongue powerless; her limbs immovable. She was paralysed by stage-fright. Applause, mingled with disapprobation, succeeded; then disapprobation only. Finally, the curtain descended upon the voiceless Lady Macbeth in a perfect storm of hisses.

Even Cecil Hotham knew that Nina's chance as a favorite of the public was now gone forever. The final opportunity, thus lost, had cost—with the previous expenses upon her account—nearly all their fortune. Nevertheless, not a word of sorrow, and far less of reproach, did he ever utter. After paying every farthing that they owed, he left his expensive residence, and removed with her to a suburban lodging; their Brentfield house having been sold. A room was appropriated in their humble home for the vast assemblage of theatrical properties which now seemed to form her sole comfort. It was her melancholy delight to catalogue these relics of what she was wont to consider her palmy time; to array herself in the most gorgeous mimic vestments; to represent to her own satisfaction still the characters which she was never destined to perform before others.

The Hothams courted obscurity; and, like all who have got through their property, and lived only for themselves or for each other, they easily obtained it. Only one visitor was ever seen to enter their door. The Reverend Appley Swete came to place his heart at the disposal of Nina, in spite of all that had come and gone. She received him very kindly, and indeed with a greater appearance of affection than she had at any time exhibited towards him; but it was only to dismiss him for ever. Anxiety, disappointment, and, more than all, disgrace, had undermined the poor girl's constitution to an extent that no physician could remedy. She had only a few months in which to live—and she knew it. She told him this, with an earnestness against which he did not dare to hope.

She found it much harder to persuade her brother—always anxious to believe pleasant things about her—that her case was indeed so bad; but, at last, even he was brought to believe it.

"If I had years and years to live, dear Cecil," cried she, one day when she had grown very weak and ill, "they would be all too short to prove how grateful my heart feels to you; it has been a selfish, foolish, blinded heart, all along, I fear."

"Hush, hush!" he whispered, fondly. "I have done nothing which my judgment has not approved. To me you are as great as you are dear. We have done with all that now, but only yesterday, when you spoke those noble words as a queen should speak them, and looked every inch a queen, and felt—"

"Hush, hush, dear brother," she murmured, "no more of this. I will act no part with my own Cecil again. You have been deceived, and I have deceived myself. We two have both been wrong; you through love, and I through shameful vanity. I am no actress, and no genius; have no wisdom, power, nor truth. I am a poor, weak, sinful girl, who has ruined the kindest brother the world over seen."

Yet, when Nina died, her brother missed not only Nina, but a being of infinite radiance, knowledge, skill. He never lost his faith in her, dead or alive. And, when he died himself—which was not long afterwards—the effects belonging to him which were found most religiously preserved, tied up and sealed, were certain monstrous boxes filled with theatrical gewgaws.

## LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The storm drives o'er the face of heaven,  
The steel falls thick and fast,  
The frightened leaves are wildly driven  
Before the maniac blast.

## IDEAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MISS H. E. SEARS, M. D.

The convent with its massive walls of stone,  
Stands gray and silent 'mid the city fair.  
And with the outer life blendeth no tone,  
Save of the ringing of the bell to prayer;  
Like a great heart-throb going up to God.  
It makes high amid the roar and din,  
Speaking of paths of peace that may be trod,  
Of sure retreat from life's dark woes and sin.

And peaceful are the hours within those walls—  
The soul withdrawn from all unquietness,  
In the hush solitude that round her falls,

Can sound the depths of her own happiness;  
While lifting her dim, penitent eyes to heaven,  
Slowly she apprehends, and wondering,  
How she hath been beloved, and how forgiven;

As full the key-note of her destiny.

And the deep, silent joy, the holy calm  
Of God's infinite rests down upon her;

A heart all torn and bleeding brings her balm;

From grief and woe and ruin Christ hath won her.

In heavenly contemplation, now unheard  
Are earth's harsh noises; the sweet reverie

Is broken no more by passion's tumult stirred,  
Or by the wail of sad Humanity.

Sweet convent life! without those walls of stone,  
Existence may be made a happy dream—  
The joys of solitude were fully known.

Refresh the soul, whatever be the theme  
Of reverie or thought: nature or art,  
The inspiration blast of poetry,  
Or the deep holy bliss that fills the heart

In thoughts of God and immortality.

And some, from ordinary walks of life,  
Enshrine themselves thus in a calm ideal,  
In quiet beauty walk, amid the strife,

The sights and sounds discordant of the real  
Yet while I envy such, I am forbid

To follow, by stern inward questioning,  
Whether God's talents in the darkness hid,  
Be not demanded with their reckoning?

Whether the guilt and squalor and the pain,  
That round us lie, but do not penetrate  
Our artist-life, may not, like curse of Cain,  
Make a dread shadow on our after fate?

"Where is thy brother?" on the startled soul  
Ringed in tones of thunder, wakes the sleeper  
From dreams of selfishness that held control,  
To stammer forth, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Thy brother's keeper! saith thy weak defense:  
Love in the Arctic palace hath no room,  
Sitting apart in cold magnificence,

Leaving thy brother in his erine and gloom!  
Love gathers up the sunbeams of the heart,  
And sheds them sweetly on the lowliest,  
And cannot revel in a joy apart,

While one is left, of God or man unblessed.  
Harrisburg, Dec., 1858.

## THE

## HUNTER AND THE ELEPHANTS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE  
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An English merchant by the name of Harrison, formed in 1802, a company for the purpose of procuring Ivory. The counting-room was established at Sourabala.

A hundred skillful hunters were engaged and sent in a vessel to Algoa Bay, with orders to advance upon the shore and surround the elephants on the side of those savage deserts which border the Lake of Makidas, and which are everywhere bristling with sugar-canies planted by Nature, that great provider for elephants.

Harrison wished to command the first expedition himself. He was an Englishman, of thirty-four, born in India, and possessing all the instincts of a savage, with all the facilities of a civilized man; so he inspired great confidence in the adventurers who accompanied him. They followed him with blind ardor, because they knew he had always acquired fame and fortune.

One day when the wind was blowing from Mount Lupa, that backbone of the world, our hunters fearing no betrayal by human exhalations, so subtly scented by the elephants in spite of distance, ventured to penetrate a sparse forest, where the dense and arching vines, like natural galleries, betokened the frequent passage of these colossi of creation. They travelled three or four miles without discovering anything; but very soon in an immense clearing, they perceived three elephants, immoveable, like those of the subterranean temples of India. One of them suddenly gave signs of uneasiness, as if he felt the ground agitated by the tread of unknown enemies, and uttered a dull and prolonged cry as if to order a retreat. The intrepid Harrison whispered to his neighbor: "There is an ivory mine!" And he set himself about obtaining it.

By one of those caprices so frequent in African Nature, vegetation here ceased, and a fearful barrenness suddenly revealed to the hunters sharp rocks, unfathomable abysses, valleys of sombre granite, a bare and desolate horizon, which resembled the immense crater of a volcano recently extinguished by a geological convulsion. At the entrance of a very narrow valley, might be seen gray masses resembling enormous fragments of rocks fallen from the mountain; but when the sun, emerging from the clouds, shone on them, life was seen beneath this semblance of granite; it was the immoveable van-guard of the elephants of Wilikarma.

Harrison, who thought himself a skillful general, because he was courageous, made then a miscalculation in strategy. Deceived by the configuration of the country, and unacquainted with the geological freaks of interior Africa, he thought the elephantine troupe had stupidly entrenched itself in a sort of corridor without

outlet, in a granite valley, where he might easily reap a harvest of ivory, by driving them with the carbine to its farthest recesses. This was judging elephants very unfairly. The Romans, under Consul Pontius, committed in the deserts of Candium, the fault anticipated by our English hunter; but elephants are more provident than were the Romans. The valley had an outlet, and communicated with the chain of Lupata.

"We will commence with the van-guard," thought the leader Harrison, "and afterwards attack the whole band by the two declivities of the valley, firing down upon them."

And giving to the hunters the preconcerted signal, he fired, and a hundred carbines went off at once to kill three elephants.

The noise of saltpeter had never before resounded in this region; the echoes of the solitude repeated it to infinity, and all sorts of savage cries, of bird songs, of wild roarings mingled with the echoes, and made interior Africa speak a language unknown to the inheritors of Shem, Ham and Japhet.

To these sounds of the solitude soon succeeded a frightful hurricane, which was no other than the concert of the anger of the elephants, the legitimate residents of this desert, revolting against an odious usurpation. The indignation of these colossi vibrated in the air and agitated the epidemic of the hunters like a shower of electric sparks. The bravest trembled, and dared not re-load their arms; Harrison alone retained his sang-froid, and sought to distinguish the enemy through the dense smoke of the carbines. It quickly cleared away and showed to the hunters six elephants who were charging upon the ivory-seekers. There was then a general *sous qui peut*: Harrison attempted to rally the fugitives, but panic terror has no ears; the army abandoned its leader, and disappeared in the labyrinth of the woods.

Elephants, though more agile than horses, disdain to pursue their enemies. The game is not worth it. They contented themselves with surrounding Harrison with their trunks to prevent his flight. One of these colossi had been wounded in the ear, and the elephant always distinguishes the hand which has struck him. Harrison was the only culprit; all the other carbines had missed.

The wounded elephant marched gravely towards his assassin, and the slowness of his pace would have been quickly changed into a gallop if Harrison had taken flight. At this terrible moment, the bravest would have lost courage; so the determination which the hunter formed cannot be considered an act of cowardice; as he saw the colossus march towards him, and followed with a bewildered eye the undulations of this threatening troop, Harrison fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and assumed a supplicating air, as he would have done before an absolute monarch to ask a pardon or sue for a reprieve. It is said that lions are sensitive to manifestations of politeness; so we need not be astonished if elephants comprehend repentence, and are susceptible of magnanimity. The elephant stopped before Harrison, and appeared to reflect a few minutes. Reflection travels quickly through the vast brain of these giants. The hunter recited his last prayer, and commanded his soul to God. The other elephants remained at a distance and observed all with their little eyes. This grand scene of the desert had no other witness than the sun, who would be the most curious of historians if he could write all he has seen in mute solitudes.

The elephant deliberately seized Harrison with the end of his trunk, made him describe a circle in the air, then placed him astride upon his neck; after which the gigantic quadruped uttered a little cry, and marched towards the valley.

The others followed, as if they had divined the thought of their friend. Harrison, carrying his carbine in his shoulder-blade, and perched on the colossus, continued his prayer; for he presumed that only a reprieve had been granted, and that his execution would take place afterwards, in presence of the whole colony, to amuse these great idlers of the desert.

Another one of the errors which man commits when he dares to put the routine of his own customs in parallel with the good sense of the colossi of creation. He culminates their intelligence in supposing them capable of killing a man in order to amuse elephant spectators. Harrison was, however, very excusable if he was mistaken at so fearful a moment; he was not seated, like Buffon, with his face, in a good chair in his study before an engraving of Lejay, representing an elephant and his cornucopia; the unfortunate hunter was paying in his own person the errors of his zoological observations: we must excuse him.

We must submit to what we cannot prevent; Harrison therefore allowed himself to be guided by his invincible enemy.

The elephant crossed the valley, and marching always with the confident step of one who is sure of his ground, he entered a magnificent forest, pierce with gloomy arcades of the height of an elephant, and which seemed to be the central domain of the colony. If the hunter had been free from anxiety, he would have admired this primitive nature which surrounded him with marvels. The trees, contemporary with the first days of creation, formed everywhere impenetrable vaults, and resounded with the songs of birds; springs of living water gushed from the moss, and formed little lakes or warbling rivulets; a thousand unknown flowers, daughters of the burning African sun, decorated the trunks of the trees with superb arabesques, and perfumed the so-litudes; an exquisite coolness rejoiced the soul and body, and made one doubt, even under the tropic, the existence of the sun. Alas! a criminal on his way to execution could not enjoy so many pleasures and so much splendor.

They arrived at an immense rotunda of verdure, where lived a numerous family of elephants in the midst of a profound peace, and very far from tigers and lions, neighbors little formidable, but very annoying. The mothers appeared to take a lively pleasure in the joyous gambols of their little ones, on the thick turf, or in the fresh waters of the lake, enamelled with the blossoms of the water-lily; the fathers, more grave, occupied themselves with their

domestic duties; they detached with their trunks the bread-fruit, which their children could not yet reach, and several were seen to return bearing sheaves of sugar-cane to the storehouse of provisions. The most perfect harmony reigned in this little savage state, where every one was at the same time a monarch and a slave to his duty.

The wounded elephant gently deposited his prisoner on the turf, and was received by his brethren with great demonstrations of joy. These colossi, who had never seen man, did not deign to notice the dwarf he had brought to the colony, which at that moment disturbed very little the self-esteem of Harrison. The hunter, free in his movements, looked around him to discern some narrow and tortuous path which might favor his flight; but he immediately perceived that the watchword had been given; four elephants guarded him, with trunks uplifted, like sentinels ready to fire on a fugitive prisoner.

On the turf where the hunter resignedly seated himself, bread-fruit, sugar-cane and all the excellent products of these wild orchards were heaped in abundance, a stream of living water flowed near; one need not then fear to die of hunger or thirst in this elephantopolis of the desert; but another death was constantly imminent; it is so easy for a colossus of this country to give a slight blow of his trunk on the nose of a hunter, and all is over.

Harrison, therefore, feared this accident, but by degrees became reassured as he saw the benevolent disposition of the troop; he even dared make his first repast, for he was dying of hunger and thirst. No elephant disturbed the hunter in this important act of his life; those who were nearest the green tablecloth where his fragrant meal was spread out, appeared, on the contrary, very joyous at seeing their guest satisfy largely the demands of his thirst and his appetite. Everything went well; but man, being never satisfied with his condition since Eden, Harrison, satiated and reassured, attempted to divine the intention of the elephants; for these animals, carefully observed by him, have always an object, and do nothing for the pleasure of doing nothing.

A certain agitation was soon manifested in the troop, and a sound of heavy steps shook the ground where the hunter was resting.—Four elephants, who seemed to be chiefs in the colony, shook their trunks and uttered hollow murmurs. The younger ones continued to sport thoughtlessly on the grass, but the parents appeared very anxious.

However, no movement appeared to be aimed at the hunter, which redoubled his fears, for, thought Harrison, it is impossible that so many giants would demean themselves thus to proceed to the execution of a dwarf of my species; something more serious must therefore be in agitation; their subtle trunks have smelt an invasion of wild beasts; I am about to witness a battle of lions and elephants, and in the melee shall be certain to receive a blow with a trunk or claw; I must then profit by the general commotion and escape. This time I shall not be noticed.

Having thought thus, Harrison crept along the grass like a cunning serpent, to gain the extremity of the gallery; his gaoler immediately advanced with trunks uplifted, and cautiously, and made him understand that his project of escape was discovered, and that he must renounce it under pain of death.

"This is strange!" thought the hunter; "how does it happen that at a moment so solemn, at the approach of a formidable battle, when as the bulletins of history have never described, these elephants should still deign to be occupied with me?"

Then he assumed a very humble attitude, and expressed by his gestures his intention to remain.

The ground still trembled beneath invisible feet, but too heavy to be taken an invasion of lions, if the observer had been calm. The elephants turned their glances in the direction of the sound, and their attitudes became more uneasy than threatening. What an enigma has been seen in mute solitudes.

The others followed, as if they had divined the thought of their friend. Harrison, carrying his carbine in his shoulder-blade, and perched on the colossus, continued his prayer; for he presumed that only a reprieve had been granted, and that his execution would take place afterwards, in presence of the whole colony, to amuse these great idlers of the desert.

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In his quality of man, the hunter did not at first understand the mute request of the elephant; he reflected, looked at the summit of the trees and then at the turf, and discovered nothing, which excited little tremors of impatience in the colossus. How stupid is man! he would have said, if he could have spoken.

And if the elephant, endowed with speech, and acquainted with ancient history, had added anything to his exclamation so uncomimentary to human intelligence, he might have said:—In the year 281, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, thinking himself not strong enough to attack the Romans, summoned elephants to his assistance, and with the aid of these, defeated the Romans at the battle of Heraclea; well! stupid Harrison, if I have forgiven you for my wound, if I have not killed you with a blow from my trunk, if I have conducted you hither, among us, do you think it was to show you as a curio to my brethren? Do you not divine my intention? Do you think me less intelligent than Pyrrhus, King of Epirus? We have need of you to put to flight our monkeys, which poison the happiness of our lives. Come, use the weapon which was so skillful in wounding an elephant, use your address to render a service to honest people, undeservedly persecuted.

The idea suddenly illuminated the brain of Harrison; at last he comprehended! and an expression of gratified pride appeared on his countenance: he was about to render an important service to the elephants, his friends!

In his turn the hunter attempted to make himself understood by his interlocutor, for, fearing the anger of the monkeys, he needed a solid entrenchment and a shelter, which would permit him to fire on the marauders with impunity.

The elephant immediately comprehended the hunter, and placed him between his two tusks and beneath his uplifted trunk. Protected by this inaccessible fortification, Harrison took his double-barreled gun, selected the two quadruped leaders, who were balancing at the extremity of a long branch, bordered by an arborescence of paroquets, with the cries and the grimaces of demons, and fired twice.

A single but formidable cry was heard; a cry followed immediately by absolute silence, as if the creatures who had uttered it had been at the same moment stifled by an electric strangulation. An immense cloud of parrots rose on the summits of the trees, like a painted dome, and divided itself immediately into a thousand fragments, as if a gust of wind had just dissolved it into air. It was one of those marvellous spectacles which interior Africa keeps for herself, or delivers only to heroic adventurers who dare to surprise her in the formidable mystery of her shadows or her sun-shine.

The inexpressible echoes of the chain of Lupata seized this double detonation, repeating it to infinity, and the colonies of lions scattered among the caverns of this artery of the globe, responded by roars to this first sound of conquest and of civilization.

The hunter had not wasted his two shots; the two monkeys fell dead on the turf. Two elephants ran, seized them with their trunks, and flung them adroitly towards the higher branches as if to deliver them to the examination of their families and friends. There was then an explosion of lugubrious and almost human lamentations; a whole nation seemed to be groaning in chorus over the death of an adored sovereign. But the hunter did not allow himself to be moved by this dissolution of the monkeys, and reloading his carbine, picked out two more who seemed to be leaders. After each double discharge, the trunks, always skillful, gathered up the dead and sent them to the branches, where they fell into the arms of the desolate survivors. It then became necessary to sound a retreat; the most cowardly gave a sharp signal; the groves were quickly shaken in every leaf, as if by an inward tempest, and the mournful howls of this mourning people by degrees died away in the solitude, awakening in thickened and canopied families of monkeys, who, since the creation of the world, had never before been disturbed in their peaceful noon-day nap.

Harrison, in his quality of man, assumed the posture of a conqueror, as if he was prepared to receive the homage of the elephants, his friends.

These colossi, modest by nature, seemed to notice the proud attitude of Harrison, and expressed their gratitude to their deliverer by offering him the finest fruits within reach of their trunks, and which, suspended to the branches, where they poison the lives of elephants.

This is humanity! We think these good

elephants happy in the midst of their dense forests, on the banks of their lakes, peaceful and wise; enjoying their strength, and never using it against their neighbors; all living in the bosom of their families; mute patriarchs, who have had the privilege of speaking no language, which saves them from each other's calumny and insult; well, it is written that happiness shall be eternally absent from earth!

Monkeys were created to trouble these grave and mild philosophers in their sports, their pastimes, their friendships, their lives. It has often been asked what was the use of these large monkeys. They serve this purpose.

Such was the reflection of the hunter; naturalists may find it paradoxical, which gives it a chance to be true at an early day.

The harsh and rattling tumult which at this moment desolated this beautiful solitude had not arrived at its height. Clouds of winged actors seemed to drop from the sky to do their part in the horrible concert; this was an auxiliary invasion, that of parrots of every form, every shade, every bloom known to the desert.

These parasites birds accompany the monkeys, their purveyors, to pick up the shells of the nuts cracked by their iron jaws, and pay for their repast by imitating all the cries, all the noises, all the gamuts of animals and of solitude. This harsh tempest, formed by the cries of the monkeys and the

## CONGRESSIONAL.

## SENATE.

On the 4th, the Senate met at noon in the old Hall, from which the desks had been removed, and a supply of cane-seat chairs provided for the temporary accommodation of the members. The galleries and floor were crowded by a dense throng, notwithstanding the snow storm, it having been understood that the Vice President, Senator Crittenden, and others would speak.

The proceedings, as usual, were opened with prayer, and the reading of the journal.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, moved that as many ladies be admitted with seats in the gallery, they be admitted to the floor.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, objected on the ground that the admission of ladies would embarrass, and consequently the ladies were not admitted.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, submitted the report of the Committee, stating that the new chamber was ready for the Senate.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, moved the adoption of the report. The parting from this chamber he thought was an act of much solemnity. Many associations, and many of them proud and pleasant, bind us to this chamber. It has been the scene of great events. Questions of the American Constitution—questions of national import—questions of peace and war have been debated in this chamber. Great men have been the actors. Within these walls he had seen men whose names and fame have not been surpassed in the annals of Greek or Roman history. Here he had seen Clay, and Webster, Calhoun, Lee, Wright, and others. They seem to have left on these very walls the impress of their fame. This majestic dome yet seems to echo to their voices. There are others, too, whom he would not designate, for they had not yet fulfilled their political services, but whose names are in no danger of being forgotten. When Senators remove to the new chamber, they will carry with them the inspiration of their illustrious predecessors. They will leave behind them no iota of patriotism or attachment to the Constitution. These are our household gods. They are carried with us. The new hall will be the scene of the past. There they will yet remain the Senate of the United States, the great preservative body of this great nation conserving the sovereignty of the States and the integrity of the Union.

The Vice President (Mr. Breckinridge) addressed the Senate, giving an historical sketch of the Congress at the various seats of government until its location at Washington. He narrated the burning of the Capitol by the British army, the assembling thereafter of Congress in Budget's Hotel, on the site now occupied by the General Post office, and finally the assembling, in 1819, in the present building.

Then he went into an interesting comparison of the character of the Senate in the early days of the Government and now. Then it was almost wholly an executive body—much of its business was transacted with closed doors.

The President often took part in the debates, and it was not for many years that the galleries were provided for spectators.

He spoke of the great mission the nation is fulfilling and is destined to fulfil. He urged upon Senators a due appreciation of the responsibilities resting upon them, and reviewed the Senatorial career of the great dead whose achievements in that chamber illuminate our history.

After further remarks which were listened to with rapt attention, the Senate proceeded in procession to the new Hall.

After reaching the new Hall, and while the great mass of spectators were settling themselves in their places, several memorials were presented, but owing to the noise, the precise objects of the memorials were not ascertained. They were apparently of a private nature.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, from the Naval Committee, reported a bill to build ten additional sloops-of-war, which was laid over. Mr. Mallory said that he would make an effort to obtain an early vote on it.

He also introduced a bill to raise the pay of officers of the navy.

The rest of the session was devoted to the discussion of Mr. Johnson's (of Tennessee) motion, instructing the Finance Committee to investigate the expenditures of the public money, and report the means to bring the expenses of the Government within the limits of a rigid economy. All agreed in the necessity for retrenchment, the only debated point being whether to refer the matter to the Finance Committee or a Special Committee of seven. Without action, the Senate went into Executive Session. Adjourned.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW SENATE CHAMBER.

The general aspect of the new Hall is light and graceful. In shape and dimensions, it is similar to the new Hall of Representatives, but to the eye appears more finely proportioned.

The style and character of decoration is nearly the same in both Houses, except that in the Senate the tone of color is much more subdued.

The area of the floor is 80 feet by 48 feet, and of the roof 112 by 80 feet, the difference being occupied by a continuous gallery around the four sides of the apartment, and capable of seating 1,200 persons. The inner roof or ceiling, of iron, is flat, with deep panes, 31 of which are filled with ground glass, having in the centre of each pane a colored medallion representing the printing press, steam-engine, cornucopia, and other symbols of progress and plenty. The light is supplied wholly through the windows in the roof, and the effect is good, a flood of light falling on the reverend seignors on the floor, while the galleries remain in half-shade.

The gas apparatus is placed above the ceiling, so that the light streaming through the panes may seem like a softened effect of sunlight.

Mr. Bigler suspended his remarks, and Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, delivered an appropriate eulogy.

Mr. Shields, of Minnesota, followed, paying a glowing tribute to the many virtues of the deceased, his friend and companion in arms.

Meers, Houston and Ward, of Texas, also delivered brief eulogies, after which the Senate adjourned.

On the 5th, Mr. Seward, of N. Y., presented a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether any amendments ought to be made to the existing laws for the suppression of the African slave trade.

The consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill was then resumed.

Mr. Bigler gave his views on the different positions before the Senate. He preferred the central route. The eastern terminus was not important, for the real terminus would be where the road crosses the mountains, acclimation would be long checker the intervening country with railroads running in every direction. In reference to the mountain crossings, great care is necessary to provide against the snows. He spoke of the great growth of the country and of the importance of having a power to protect our possessions in order to keep and extend them. He thought the undertaking was too great for private enterprise, and would require Government aid, and depicted the defenseless state of California in case of a war with a strong naval power, while he hoped there would be no war, yet there was always a possibility of it.

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The French Spoliation Bill was taken up, on a test vote, by year 24, nay 18.

Mr. Gwin, of Cal., moved to postpone the bill, and resume the consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill.

Mr. Bigler, of Penna., then finished his speech, which was interrupted the day before.

Viewed strictly as a military measure, it is worthy of the best efforts of the government, for were we to break out with the greatest maritime power, without this means of concentrating our forces, California would, in all probability, within sixty days, be cut off from all communication with the Atlantic States. Will any man say that we are in a condition to defend our Pacific possessions?

Then how can we talk about the acquisition of additional possessions—about a war for Cuba, or a protectorate over Mexico? Let us establish such a protectorate over ourselves, and we shall then be in a better position to influence the destinies of others. Probably no Senator, himself included, but would vote three or four hundred millions for the purchase of Cuba, yet they would not vote a grant of public lands for the preservation of California, Oregon and Washington? Yet, what power would be strong enough to meet us on the Pacific with such a railroad, as weak enough not to annoy us without it? As a change of commerce, it would open the direct route from China and Japan. It would be a route, not for heavy tonnage certainly, but for the precious metals, for the finer fabrics, and for the mails, reciprocally from east to west. Great Britain is

most favorable in the building for the execution of some works of art recording the deeds of history.

The Senator's retiring-room and ante chamber are the most highly finished rooms in the Capital. They are in totally different styles. The retiring-room is entirely of marble, the roof supported by columns of rare beauty. It is impossible to desire any effect more chaste than this apartment presents, with the cold glitter of its walls and roof, "unadorned, adorned the most." Three mirrors, inserted as panels in the wall, are, each, of the dimensions of one hundred and twenty inches in height by sixty inches wide. The ante room is excessive in ornamentation, and is yet unfinished. The walls are divided by gilded work in relief, into spaces for fresco paintings. The domed ceiling of the room is panelled, each panel being filled with a roulette of furnished gold. The four spandrels and the center of the dome have allegorical paintings executed in a superior manner, and forming a contrast to certain medallions in another portion of the building, where one represents a celestial being with a diabolized hip, and another, the Goddess of Melancholy, dancing the boleros.

The President and Vice President's apartments, and the Committee room, enter from the level of the Senate floor. All are decorated. Some few are finished, but the greater number are incomplete in consequence of the action of Congress in withholding supplies. The corridors and passages are likewise in progress of embellishment. All are paved with encaustic tiles. The arched roofs are generally speaking finished in geometric designs, enclosing landscape and heraldic devices. The walls are covered with trolio work of flowers and foliage, on which cupids and native American birds, beasts, and creeping things are ascending and descending, with more or less resemblance to nature. Some of the flower and fruit pieces are stems. They might be cut from the wall and framed as originals of Lance.

The heating and ventilating arrangements are said to be the largest in the world, those of the English House of Parliament not excepted.

Every portion of the Capitol—that mountainous mass of marble—is at once ventilated and warmed by one apparatus. Eight boilers convey steam to coils set in different places of the collarage, supplying any required degree of heat, and, at the same time, moving power to two fans in either wing. One of these fans sends continual breezes of medicated air through the smaller apartments, while the other performs the same service for the Senate Chamber. The air is graduated according to the atmospheric temperature without and the political excitement within—during a sectional debate never to exceed 90 degrees, and on ordinary occasions to range between 70 and 73 degrees. Thirty thousand cubic feet of air are circulated through the chamber per minute, which quantity may be increased to eighty thousand. The apparatus is completely under control. Any proportion of moisture may be imparted, from the delicious freshness of morning to the feeling that precludes a thunder shower, or even till the atmosphere

"shew, and resolve itself a dew."

It may be prudent to add that, as each room is furnished with fires and registers, Senators, on the first symptoms of asphyxia, can protect themselves from the induration of operations.

As regards the exterior of the edifice, the ground is yet in possession of the workmen. The approaches are encumbered with materials—the fallen columns and recumbent keystones, suggestive, with no disrespect to the architect, of

"Mea among the ruins of Carthage."

On the 5th, Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, presented a joint resolution of the Legislature of Georgia, in favor of the establishment of a National Armory in that State, and praying for additional mali facilities.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, presented the credentials of James Chestnut, Jr., as Senator from South Carolina. The usual oath was administered, and Mr. Chestnut took his seat.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., submitted a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee of five, to inquire whether any civil officer, clerk, or other person in the employ of the Government, had been made to contribute a portion of his salary on elections during the present Administration, or has been removed from office on refusal to comply with such demand.—Also, what legislation is necessary to prevent the employment of money to influence elections. Objection being made, the resolution was overruled.

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, presented a petition from the Canal Board, asking an appropriation for the lake harbors, in connection with the Canals of the State of New York.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill providing that invalid seamen may receive an annual stipend from the Government, and reside with their friends, when they shall so elect, instead of living at the asylums.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, asked, but failed to obtain, the consent of the House, for leave to introduce a joint resolution providing for the compensation of members of Congress and army officers, to revise the militia and army laws.

Various reports from the Standing Committee were received, including the following:

By Mr. Compton, of Massachusetts, a bill making appropriation for the improvement of the harbor of Boston.

By Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, the Senate bill making appropriations for the improvement of the mouth of the Milwaukee river and Chicago harbor.

Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, the Senate bill providing for the payment of the claims of the State of Maine for expenses incurred in organizing a regiment for the Mexican war.

On motion of Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Without arriving at any action on the bill, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 5th, the House met at noon, and after the reading of the journal, Mr. McLean, of Mississippi, announced the death of Gen. Quitman.

He reviewed the life of the deceased, from boyhood to manhood, and pointed with pride his actions, to the forum and on the field of battle.

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He spoke of the great growth of the country and of the importance of having a power to protect our possessions in order to keep and extend them.

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watchful to forestall these advantages, and it is now ascertained that a railroad is practicable through the British valleys of the Red River of the North and of Fraser River. Finally, Mr. Bigler discussed of the various objections urged against the road, and concluded by warning the government not to be party wise and pound foolish, but to bind together the confederacy of sovereign States for their mutual aid and protection. No statesman need fear the effects of such a precedent.

Mr. Herian, of Iowa, argued that the general route ought to be located by Congress, to prevent the road from becoming sectional, and the compact becoming a monopoly, also for the purpose of securing the most direct route.

Mr. Ward, of Texas, spoke in favor of the advantages of a Southern route.

Mr. Giddings said that any former resolution

was a compact entered into with the United States.

Mr. Giddings denied that Texas came in under a treaty.

Mr. Bryan knew there was a thing introduced in the Senate, but it was rejected. When the compact between them was disregarded, Texas had a right, and she would do it, of going out of the Union. [Laughter.]

Mr. Giddings said that any former resolution

could be repealed.

Mr. Bryan again repeated the declaration, and said that, should it be carried out, Texas would then know what to do, and he did not know but it would have been better if annexation had never taken place. If protection were not given them, all her citizens would think so, as a great portion now do, and repeat it, as Congress would be protecting.

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now paid by  
the husband  
himself, and  
the wife has  
now time to  
attend to  
her own  
household  
affairs.

**NEWS ITEMS.**

The new planet lately discovered at the Dudley Observatory, has aptly been called by Mrs. Dudley, whom the discoverer gave the honor of naming it, *Phoebe*.

A sale of slave stock took place at Sussex county, Virginia, on the 27th of December, aggregating \$50,000. A negro girl, with one child, brought \$1,700. In Petersburg, Virginia, on the 28th, a gang of thirty-nine, mostly children, sold for \$22,082.50—one of them, a girl of ten years, brought \$1,151. At Autauga, Alabama, lately, the sales of one day amounted to over \$60,000, and a common field hand sold for \$2,100.

New York city preserved its reputation on the first day of the New Year, by getting up two murders, two shooting affrays, two stabbing affrays, and a riot, not to mention minor incidents.

A red quartz vein has been discovered in the suburbs of San Francisco.

LATER advices from Salt Lake state that the United States marshal has been prevented from serving a process on Brigham Young by the guards maintained by that worthy. It was expected that Judge Sinclair would call upon the military to enforce the orders of his court.

Horace, the negro of Hartford, who killed his wife, has been convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He told the jailor his preference tended rather to being hung than imprisonment, and said he considered his sentence an unjust one, as, in his opinion, society had been greatly benefited by the "suppression" of Mrs. Roberts. Her disposition was not a mild one; he bore the scars caused by her teeth and nails, in unladylike moments, and repeatedly had had occasion to denounce his married life, so unladylike did Mrs. R. render his experience of it. He is called by the newspapers a colored martyr to a communal age.

We groan over the mud in some of our streets. Only think of the lady in a Western city who, at a crossing, was seen to lose first an overshoe, then a garter, and lastly her stockings, escaping barely with her foot—the latter well fastened on!—N. Y. Evening Post.

Hot Banks.—The danger of taking hot bricks for bedfellowes was illustrated in a town near Albany, a few nights since, when two young ladies wrapped one in cloth to toast their feet with in the foot of the bed. They woke up in the night nearly suffocated, and found the bed on fire, the brick having burnt through five quilts, portions of the skirts lying upon the foot of the bed, a hole in the mattress, a portion of a nightgown upon one of the ladies, and discolored their feet with smoke.

TERITORIAL AFFAIRS.—Washington, Jan. 7.—This morning the House Committee on Territories decided to report the bill for organizing the territorial governments of Arizona and Dakota, and against the proposed bill for the territory of Coloma.

SIMPLY more than a week or ten days ago, one of the daughters of the Earl of Bedford, died from the injuries she received by her dress taking fire from a candle; and, now, another daughter of the same noble family has met with the same fate, in attempting to extinguish the flames.—London Paper.

A Bill has been reported in the Missouri Legislature, in accordance with the recommendation of the Governor, authorizing the calling out of volunteers to repel "the Kansas banditti," and appropriating \$30,000 for that purpose.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—The *Baltimore Republic* hits off the puffing of the N. Y. papers in the following, which purports to be the most important news paper to be called "The Milky Way"—a very good name, though the Milk and Water Way would be better. But hear the prospectus:

It will be issued on a sheet twelve times as large as the *Consolidated*, each sheet of paper covering an area of 30,000 square feet, which, being reduced to acres, is one acre and five rods, so that every subscriber will obtain at every issue of the *Milky Way* nearly a "quarter section"—or, at least, a "homestead" of reading matter. Thus each subscriber will get at least a furlong of good substantial literature for one cent.

To work on this immense edition, Hoo & Co., Taylor & Co., and half a dozen other companies, have been engaged for the last two years in making an eight cylinder press, throwing off eighty of surface-and-a-half sheets in one-tenth of a second, folding, mailing and receiving pay for them at one and the same operation. The types used up at each edition of this mammoth—bohemian—is sixty-three tons; keeping two founders in Philadelphia, five in New York, and one in Buffalo, running constantly to supply us. Our eighty cylinder press of course could not be placed in any known edifice, and no engine can be built sufficiently powerful to run it. Consequently we have arranged to have it placed at the foot of the Horse-shoe Fall, at Niagara Falls, and have it worked by water. To get our type from this city to that point in time, we shall be necessitated to build a railroad to the Falls. (Books of subscription to this road are now open at this office, where all who wish, can take stock at once.)

The following gentlemen are mentioned as contributors to "The Milky Way":—

James Gordon Bennett, William Cullen Bryant, James George Bryan, Brooks, Seaver, Cooper, Bettis, Clapp, Jewett, Andrews, Pope, Sidney Smith, Griswold, Fairchild, Pope, Haleck, Greene, of the Boston Post, Sherwood, Charlotte Bronte, Bremer, Brontë, D'Israeli, Longfellow, Bulwer, Mrs. Grundy, (author of "What will they say?") Dr. Quill, Wendell Holmes, Ritchie, Kendall, Gray and Brown, of the Plaindealer, Doesticks, Chopsticks, Old Dow, Dow, Jr., Dayton, H. Ward Beecher, Sergeant, Sentinel, Sat. Lovengood, Iota, On Bit, Inspector, Occasional, Lovella, West, Anonymous, Ibid, Channing, Cheever, Pierpont, Saxe, Chapin, Linton, Maury, De Sauty (telegraph sketches), Hucker, Jones, Torrance, South, (not John but Robert Herding), Park Benjamin, George Roberts, Dana of the Tribune, Raymond, and one or two others.

THE SUN FLOWER AS A PREVENTIVE OF FEVERS.—We continue to see favorable mention made of the virtues of sun-flowers as preventives of bilious fevers, chills and fevers, &c. A correspondent of the *Soul of the South*, writing from a place in Alabama which he says was peculiarly subject to fevers, gives the results of his experience in the practice, and in not a single instance where he planted sun-flowers around his negro cabins did their inmates suffer from fevers, whilst his wife, two children, and two house servants all had fevers, he not having planted any of the sun-flowers around his own dwelling, which, in his opinion, accounted for the difference in the results. We trust that next spring, New Orleans may be surrounded by a cordon of sun-flowers, that may be scattered through every garden, and cover every vacant lot in the city. Who knows but they may prevent yellow fever also? The correspondent of the *Soul of the South*, says:

My opinion is, that the sun flower in its rank growth, absorbs the very elements in the atmosphere that produce fever, or chills and fever, and what is the life of the sun-flower is highly obnoxious to the health of the human family, nor do I believe that a man can ever have a chill, who would sleep in a field of rank sun-flowers. This, too, seems to be no new theory, as Ligon, Maury states, that his gardener—a Frenchman— informed him that their sanitary influence had been long known in France.

AT OPENS BEFORE MARRIAGE.—Mrs. Marchmont, who applied for a divorce from her husband, Henry Marchmont, for cruelty, read the following letter, received from her husband a few days before marriage, in the course of her examination:

"*My Dear Caroline:*—As you wish to have my opinion of you, I will candidly tell you that I think you kind, generous, truthful, loving, benevolent, sympathizing, forbearing, forgiving, gentle, fond in friendship, and truthful in affection. I love you above all the world. As to myself, I am a despicable, unkind, false-hearted, jealous, harsh, ungenerous, malignant, and utterly unworthy of that love which you have so generously bestowed upon me."

"I am, my dearest love, yours, living, and Henry Marchmont."

We think that Mrs. Marchmont cannot plead that her husband deceived her by concealing his true character from her.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature met on the 4th. In the Senate, J. Crosswell, Jr., (Dem.), was elected Speaker, by one majority. In the House, W. C. A. Lawrence (Amer. Repub.) was elected by 67 votes to Lawrence, to 32 for Gritman (Dem.).

The last news from Fraser river is favorable. The last steamer from Victoria brought down \$200,000 in gold.

"*Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.*"—Macaulay.

"*MUSIC—oh, how faint, how weak,*"—Language fades before thy spell;

"*Why should feeling ever speak?*"

"*When thou canst breathe her soul so well?*"—Moore.

"*A paradox, forsooth!*"

"*For if it lies, as people tell,*"

"*How can it, then, be truth?*"

"*Gratitude is a feature much admired,* but rarely to be seen.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

*Bid Asked.*

*RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.*

U. S. & St. L. 100—105

St. L. & S. 100—105

U. S. & St. L. 100—105

## Wit and Humor.

## ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE SPIRITS.

Artemus Ward, the showman, has had an interview with the spirits—and gives his experiences to the Cleveland Plaindealer as follows:

"I will hear observe that Mrs. Ward is a venerable woman—the partner of my gods & the shakers of my sorrows. In my abode she watchs my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcomes me in affectionate smile. Truly it is us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. Ingomar in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single shawl  
2 hearts which beat as 1.

"My nature induced me to attend a Spaceman's Meet at Squire Smith's. When I arrived I found the west room full including all the old masters in the village & the long hard fallers aised. When I went in I was saluted with 'hear cum the benited man'—'hear cum the unbemited'—'hear cum the hairy headed shoffer at truth,' stattery, stattery. See I my friends it's too me hear and now Bring on your Spacemen. The company then drew round the table and the Spaceman kommenet to go it. They axed me if there was anybody in the Spaceman land which I would like to talk with, & I said if Bill Tompkins who was once my partner in the show bimis was sober I shold like to converse with him a few periods. 'Is the Spaceman of William Tompkins present?' said I of the long hard shaps and there was three knox on the table. See I William how goes it? He sed things was rather rough. See I air in the show bimis William, & he said he was.

"He said he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in conneckshun with Shakespeare, Jonson & Co.'s consolidated menagerie & circus. He sed old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan) stid up the animals & ground the organ while he tended the door. Occashunly Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakespeare had made a great hit with 'Old Bob Ridly' and Ben Jonson was delitin the people by his truly great acts of hossmanhood without saddle or bridle. See I William han you pay me that 18 dollars you owe me, & he ad no with 1 of the most tremendous knox I ever experiumed. I then called fur my granfather & learned that he was meatin with fare success in the peanut bimis & liked it very well, altho the climut was rather warn.

"When the Spaceman stopt they asked me what I thawt of it. See I my friends i've been into the show bimis now goin on 23 years. You dowlts believe this Spaceman doctrin, while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man became a reglar out & our Spaceman rapper he leaves off working, lets his hare grow all over his face & comonius spungin his livin out of other people. He eats all the dishkhanaries he can find and gone round chock full of big words, swarin the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the piec of mind of every famelie he cutters. He don't do nobody no good & is a curse to society and a pirt on honest peopple's corn beef barrels. Admittin all yn say about the doctrin to be true, I must say the reglar perfessional spaceman rappers—them as make a bimis on it—air about the most ornery set of cusses I ever encountered in my life. So saying I put on my surtoot & went home. Respectably Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD."

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.—A clerical friend of ours was settled over an appreciative congregation on Long Island. Along in October, one of his parishioners, not of the most liberal re-puation, stopped after the service, and, taking the pastor aside, whispered in his ear that he must not buy a Thanksgiving turkey, for he had a fine one that he was fattening especially for his use. Our friend expressed the gratitude he felt, for it was relieving him of quite an item of expense, and then it showed that his ministrations were not unacceptable. Seven times, on passing his benefactor's house, he was stopped, and the noble bird, whom the children all knew was the "minister's gobble," pointed out. The last time, the farmer told him that he believed he must invite himself and family to dine with the minister on Thanksgiving day, and have a good time together over the delicate tid-bits the fowl would make, which invitation, of course, our friend cordially pressed, though he could not help thinking, when he remembered the number of young mouths thus suddenly called in to assist in despatching the plum-puddings and mince pies, that the financial motives of gratitude, in view of this arrangement, had disappeared.

The long looked-for Thursday morning came at last, and Farmer Tight came with it, turkey in hand.

"Isn't it a fine one! Isn't it plump!—and so tender, too! I assure you there will be fine eating here," was his self-satisfied assurance, more than once repeated.

To which our friend tried to match expressions of admiration equally enthusiastic.

"He must weigh eight or ten pounds, Mr. Tight."

"Ten pounds—ten in the notch, I weighed him myself, and he'll come to just a dollar, Brother Edgar."

Brother Edgar paid the dollar, insisted on having them all to dinner, and made an excellent friend of Mr. Tight.—*N. Y. Times.*

A WINE AWAKE SURNER.—Sir Walter Scott used to tell, with great relish, an anecdote of his adventures among the northern isles of Scotland. The island of Sanda is one of the worst situated for navigation, and the best for wrecks, of any among the Orkneys; and the story goes that a worthy clergyman of that dangerous spot

"whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved,"

sympathized so deeply with the interests of his flock, that in winding up his prayer for mercy to all mankind, he could not help adding—

"Nevertheless, if it please Thee to cause hapless ships to be cast on the shore, oh, dims forget the poor island of Sanda!"

## THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me,  
Our mutual flame is like the affinity  
That doth exist between two simple bodies  
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.  
Tis little that the holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
Oh, would that I, my Mary, were an acid—  
A living acid, then an alkali,  
Endowed with human sense, that brought to  
gether,  
We both might coalesce into one salt.  
One homogeneous crystal. Oh! that thou  
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen,  
We would unite to form olephant gas,  
Or common coal, or naphtha, world to heaven  
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime!  
And we of Lime composed a Phosphure.  
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid.  
So that thou might be Soda. In that case  
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Mag-  
nesia?

Instead, we'd form that named from Epsom.  
Could it then Potass be, I Aquæfortis,  
Our happy union should that compound form,  
Nitrate of Potash, otherwise Salpêtre.  
And thus our several natures sweetly blend,  
We'd live and long together until death  
Should decompose the fleshly terriss quid,  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs,  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?  
We will. The day, the happy day is nigh  
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs com-  
bine.

HOW TO TELL A LAWYER.—A few days since, a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, inquired of a port negro who was travelling the same way, if the road led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed anxious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation.—For the fun of the thing, the traveller concluded to humor Ebony a little, and the following dialogue ensued:

"My name is ——, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess it from my appearance: can't you see that I am a timber-cutter?"

"No, boss, you not timber-cutter."  
"An overseer, then?"

"No, sir, you no look like one."

"What say to you to my being a doctor?"

"Don't think so, boss; dey don't ride in sulky."

"Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?"

"I sorter spec you is flat, sir."

"Pshaw! Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't look more like a lawyer than anything else!"

"No, siree, you don't dat."

"Why, Cuffee?"

"Why, now, you see, boss, Ise bin ridin' wid you for morn's a mile, an' you hasn't caused any, and a lawyer always cusses."—*Charleston Courier.*

A WONDERFUL ERUPT.—A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. None of the faculty could devise any alleviation, and, as a last resort, the inventor of the "Great Universal Pillbox" was sent for. "It is evident," said Mr. Hack, "that so large a coin can never be forced up, by any emetic known to science; however, give the boy this pill and watch the result." The pill was given, and strange to relate, in less than an hour afterwards the boy threw up the dollar, not in coin, as originally swallowed, but in *five cent pieces*. We learn that the patient is as well as could be expected.

This was effectual, but by no means (says the New Haven Register) as ingenious as the plan resorted to by a physician of our acquaintance, who saved the life of a man who had swallowed camphine, mistaking it for gin, by cramming wicking down his throat and burning him out.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOUSE SERVANTS.—Every one of Queen Victoria's subjects is her servant; from the highest to the lowest they are happy to call themselves H. B. M.'s servants. But she has a special corps of help for her own private use.

It appears that the number of individuals employed in the personal service of Her Majesty, exclusive of huntmen, whippers-in, &c., not enumerated in the department of the Master of the Horse, is as follows:—In the department of the Lord Steward, 167; in the department of the Lord Chamberlain, 635; in the department of the Master of the Horse, 118; total, 921. Imposing as is this array, there must be added to it the household of the Prince Consort, which consists of a groom of the stole, a treasurer, a private secretary, two lords of the bedchamber, a clerk marshal, three equerries in ordinary, and an equerry extraordinary two grooms of the bedchamber, four chaplains in ordinary, and a chaplain at Osborne, a librarian, two gentlemen ushers, two physicians in ordinary, and two extraordinary, four surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, and an apothecary, and a gentleman rider; besides an army agent to receive his pay, and a solicitor to conduct his litigation. Adding these the household functionaries muster 965 strong. In Scotland and Ireland there are two more royal households. The first of these consists of a master of the great seal, a lord privy seal, a lord clerk register, a lord advocate, a lord justice clerk, an hereditary grand constable, a knight marshal, an hereditary standard bearer, an hereditary armor bearer, and a squire of the royal body (Lady Seymour Stewart), an hereditary carver, an hereditary cup bearer, an hereditary usher, (heirs of the late Sir Patrick Walker), an historian, a topographer, three physicians in ordinary, and a physician apothecary, three surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, two chemists and druggists, a copper in ordinary, and an occultist, three deans and six chaplains, six hereditary keepers of palaces (nearly all mere ruins), and a body guard of royal archers, commanded by a captain-general, three lieutenant-generals, and four major-generals. The Irish household, which is formed on the English model, has among its functionaries two persons described as "gentlemen at large," whose duties must be left to the imagination.

MAKERS.—Gather up materials for manure from any source at command. Secure the hog pen manure. See that the spouting on your



## APPALLING DISCLOSURES OVERHEARD BY AN OLD LADY IN THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO RUFFIANS IN A RAILWAY CAR.

## Agricultural.

## WORK FOR JANUARY.

WHEAT FIELDS.—Look to these, and keep the water-fallows open. It is excess of water in the soil which usually causes winter killing. If you have had "fly" in the fall, graze closely with sheep and other stock, except when the ground is soft.

TOMATOES.—Continue to strip tobacco whenever it may be in order, and despatch the work. Get stuff for hogheads sifting and heading, so that they may be in readiness without consuming more valuable time later in the season. The timber for hoops should not be cut until you are about to use it.

TOBACCO BEDS.—Have brush and wood for burning tobacco beds, cut early; and take the first opportunity of the ground being in proper order to burn, and prepare your beds for seed-ing. There not unfrequently occurs a spell of weather in this month, when the ground will be in better condition than at any time again before April. Many planters now think that the necessity of burning is superseded by a heavy dressing of guano. It is applied at the rate of six to eight hundred pounds to the acre, and chopped in when hoeing. Top-dressings of guano are used, too, with good effect, after the plants are up. If guano be not used, a good compost of well-rotted stable and other manures which have been kept free from grass seeds should be chopped in at seedling time, and should be prepared now for the purpose of top-dressing in spring. Col. Blacklinton, of Pequosa, says that the French, in well known, are very expert in grafting and budding, and have long since operated on all sorts of plants, including tomatoes, on potatoes, cucumbers and other singular plants—sometimes for profit; at others, apparently more to show to what extent the art can be applied. Another singular practice has just come to light, through the medium of a correspondent to the English Gardener's Chronicle, which is the working of flower beds of the pear, taken from bearing trees, on to barren ones. The extract reads:—

"The finest pears exhibited (Paris Hort. Exhibition) were produced from flower beds, which had been inserted on barren spurs of other trees during the previous autumn. This method of budding is called by the French, 'Greffes de boutons a fruit,' which to me was a novelty in horticultural manipulation. The whole spurs were cut from the trees, to show the buds inserted, which latter had produced no wood shoots, but only the fine fruit in clusters of three and fours. The best specimens were those of Doyenne d' Hiver, Duchess d' Angouleme, Bourre Claireau, Belle de Berry and Bellis Angevine."

Another method of grafting, exhibited at the same time, reads as follows:—

"Connected with the fruit department, was a series of fruit trees in pots and tubs, for the purpose of exhibiting the different methods of grafting, budding, pruning, training, &c., which afforded much interest, and were closely inspected by both practicals and amateurs. To me some of the manipulations appeared ingenious as well as effective. One curious mode of grafting is interesting in a physiological point of view. It consisted of the leaf on an orange tree, which had produced roots from the foot stalk, after which the parichyma was cut from each side of the midrib near the centre, when a scion was grafted on the latter, which was budded into a regular and vigorous plant. I understand the person to say that these scions were covered with mould, into which they soon rooted, when they had both the advantage of their own roots, and those of the stock on which they were grafted."

WORTHLESSNESS OF BLOCK TIN WATER PIPES.—Mr. J. Crawford Neilson, a Baltimore architect, of the Great Universal Pillbox, was sent for. "It is evident," said Mr. Hack, "that so large a coin can never be forced up, by any emetic known to science; however, give the boy this pill and watch the result." The pill was given, and strange to relate, in less than an hour afterwards the boy threw up the dollar, not in coin, as originally swallowed, but in *five cent pieces*. We learn that the patient is as well as could be expected.

CARTERS IMPLEMENTS, &c.—Have carts, implements, &c., of all sorts thoroughly repaired, if they need it, and keep all well secured from weather. If you have not shedding or house-ground for everything now, when the necessity is apparent, and you have the leisure, provide it. Have the gearing all overhauled, repaired, and occasionally greased. Give the blades of scythes, the knives of your Reaper and Mower, and anything about your other agricultural machines or implements that is likely to suffer from rust, a thin coating of grease and beeswax melted together. Have your ice-hooks, leather mittens, saws and axes all ready for a speedy gathering of the ice crop.

CLOVER FIELDS.—Let no hoof touch your clover field till the proper season for grazing in spring.

PLASTER AND GRASS SEEDS.—Have these purchased and on hand early.

FENCE RAWS AND WOOL.—Cut early all the fencing stuff you may want, and have your stock of wood for next winter's use cut and corded.

PLANTING TREES, &c.—If you have trees to plant in spring, dig out the holes in any suitable weather; the earth will be better for exposure to the frost—and let there be no over-haste to prevent this being well done. Set stakes near the trees planted out the past autumn, and fasten the trees to them, securely, with ropes of straw, to prevent the earth produced by the winter winds. Turn over and examine all piles of weeds, and other trash, and kill the field mice you will be sure to find in some of them. Fill a bag with straw for a cushion, and get down on your knees, with knife and broad ax, or other probe, and hunt up the grub at his mischievous work in your peach trees.

MANURES.—Gather up materials for manure from any source at command. Secure the hog pen manure. See that the spouting on your

houses throws the water well off, and that the strength of your yard manures is not washed out by it.

LIME AND ASHES.—If you have either of these manures to apply, they may be spread at any time on grass land. If the land is to be cultivated this season, wait till it is ploughed. The same may be said as to any other manures.—*American Farmer.*

CURIOUS MODE OF GRAPHTING THE PEAR.—The French, it is well known, are very expert in grafting and budding, and have long since operated on all sorts of plants, including tomatoes, on potatoes, cucumbers and other singular plants—sometimes for profit; at others, apparently more to show to what extent the art can be applied. Another singular practice has just come to light, through the medium of a correspondent to the English Gardener's Chronicle, which is the working of flower beds of the pear, taken from bearing trees, on to barren ones. The extract reads:—

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